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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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Ane Satyre of the thrie Estaits,

IN COMMENDATION OF VERTEW

AND VITVPERATION OF VYCE.

MAID BE

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Sir Dauid Lindesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,

Lyon King of Armes.

AT EDINBVRGH.
PRINTED BE ROBERT CHARTERIS.
1602.
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ANE

PLEASANT SATYRE

OF THE THRIE ESTAITIS,

IN COMMENDATIOVN OF VERTEW AND VITVPERATIOVN OF VYCE:

AS FOLLOWIS.

DILIGENCE.

THE Father and founder of faith and felicitie, — May God the Father,
That 3our fassioun formed to his similitude,
And his Sone, our Sauiour, scheild in necessitie,— — God the Son,
That bocht 3ow from baillis ranson rude, — Who ransomed us
Repleadgeand his presonaris with his hart-blude,— — with his blood,
The halie Gaist, gouernour and grounder of grace, — and God the Holy Ghost,
Of wisdome and weilfair baith fontaine and flude,
Gif 3ow all that I sie seasit in this place, — protect and
And scheild 3ow from sinne, — inspire you with
And with his Spreit 3ow inspyre, — His Spirit, till
Till I haue shawin my desyre. — you have heard
Silence, Soueraine, I requyre; — my poem!
For now I begin.

Tak tent to me, my freinds, and hald 3ow coy; — My friends,
For I am sent to 3ow, as messingeir, — I present myself
From ane nobill and rycht redoubtit Roy, — as messenger from
The quhilk hes bene absent this monie 3eir,— — King Humanity,
Humanitie, giue 3e his name wald speir,— — who will soon appear among you,
Quha bade me shaw to 3ow, but variance,
That he intendis amang 3ow to compeir,

in triumph
and in array,
to avenge miarule
and the death of
innocent folk.
A reform
is coming.
Misdoers,
depart;
or you will be
hanged.
Faithful men
may sing.
The King says
none shall be
wronged.
But excuse him,
if he is vicious
meantime,
and avoids
Correction,
Truth, and
Discretion.
In the King's
name, I summon
the Three Estates
to appear
and do homage,—
the spirituality,
the burgesses,
and the
temporal peers.
Hearers,
be patient,

With ane triumph and awfull ordinance,
With crown, and sword, and scepter in his hand,
Temperit with mercie, quhen penitence appeiris;
Howbeit that hee lang tyme hes bene sleipand,
Quhairthrow misreull hes rung thir monie ȝeiris,
That innocentis hes bene brocht on thair beiris
Be fals reporteris of this natioun:
Thocht ȝoung oppressouris at the elder leiris,
Be now assurit of reformatioun.
Sie no misdoeris be sa bauld
As to remaine into this hauld;
For quhy, be him that Iudas sauld,
Thay will be heich hangit.
Now faithfull folk for ioy may sing,
For quhy it is the iust bidding
Of my soveraine lord the king,
That na man be wrangit.
Thocht he ane quhyll, into his flouris,
Be gouernit be vylde trompouris,
And sumtyme lufe his paramouris,
Hauld ȝe him excusit;
For, quhen he meittis with Correctioun,
With Veritie, and Discretioun,
Thay will be banisched aff the toun,
Quhilk hes him abusit.
And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
I wairne, in name of his magnificence,
The thrie estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir, with detfull diligence,
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
And, first, I wairne the Spritualitie;
And sie the burgessis spair not for expence,
Bot speid thame heir, with Temporalitie.
Als, I beseik ȝow famous auditouris,
Conveinit in this congregatioun,
To be patient the space of certaine houris,

Till ȝe haue hard our short narratioun. — and disdain not
And, als, we mak ȝow supplicatioun, — my words,
That na man tak our wordis intill disdaine, — though the
Althocht ȝe hear, be declamatioun, — Commonwealth
The common-weill richt pitiouslie complaine. — complain, though
Rycht so the verteous ladie Veritie — Truth
Will mak ane pitious lamentatioun;
Als for the treuth sho will impresonit be, — be imprisoned,
And banischit lang tyme out of the toun.
And Chastitie will mak narratioun, — and though
How sho can get na ludging in this land, — Chastity be
Till that the heauinlie king Correctioun — banished.
Meit with the king and commoun, hand for hand.
Prudent peopill, I pray ȝow all, — I shall speak
Tak na man greif in speciall; — generally, not of
For wee sall speik in generall, — individuals,
For pastyme and for play. — for diversion.
Thairfoir, till all our rymis be rung, — So let
And our mistoinit sangis be sung, — every man hold
Let euerie man keip weill ane toung, — his one tongue,
And euerie woman tway. — and every woman two.

REX HVMANITAS.

O Lord of Lords, and King of kingis all, — Lord Almighty,
Omnipotent of power, Prince but peir, — reigning in
Euer ringand in gloir Celestial,— — glory,
Quha, be great micht, and haifing na mateir, — Maker of all from
Maid heauin and eird, fyre, air, and watter cleir,— — nothing,
Send me thy grace, with peace perpetuall, — send me grace
That I may rewll my realme to thy pleaseir; — to rule as pleases
Syne, bring my saull to ioy angelicall. — Thee; and save
Sen thow hes giuin mee dominatioun — me at last.
And rewll of pepill subiect to my cure, — If I govern not
Be I nocht rewlit be counsall and ressoun, — aright, my
In dignitie I may nocht lang indure. — power will be
I grant, my stait my self may nocht assure, — short-lived.

Nor 3it conserue my life in sickernes.

Pity and support me, Christ;

Haue pitie, Lord, on mee, thy creature,
Supportand me in all my busines.
I thee requeist, quha rent wes on the Rude,

defend me;

Me to defend from the deids of defame,

save me from sin and shame;

That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saifgaird baith from sin and shame.

and let me rule as is agreeable to Thee!

I knaw my dayis induris bot as ane dreame:
Thairfoir, O Lord, I hairtlie the exhort,
To gif me grace to vse my diadeame
To thy pleasure and to my great comfort.

WANTONNES.

Why so sad, my Lord?

My Soueraine Lord and Prince but peir,
Quhat garris 3ow mak sic dreirie cheir?

Be blithe and happy;

Be blyth, sa lang as 3e ar heir,
And pas tyme with pleasure:

for the merry man lives as long as the melancholy.

For als lang leifis the mirrie man
As the sorie, for ocht he can.
His banis full sair, Sir, sall I ban,
That dois 3ow displeasure.

Placebo and I promise to enliven you,

Sa lang as Placebo and I
Remainis into 3our company,
3our grace sall leif richt mirrely:
Of this haif 3e na dout.

and to see that you want no pleasure.

Sa lang as 3e haue vs in cure,
3our grace, sir, sall want na pleasure.
War Solace heir, I 3ow assure,
He wald reioyce this rout.

PLACEBO.

Where is Solace, the jovial?

Gude brother myne, quhair is Solace,
The mirrour of all mirrines?
I haue great meruell, be the Mes,
He taries sa lang.

We are done for, without him.

Byde he away, wee ar bot shent:

I ferlie how he fra vs went ; Something must
I trow he hes impediment have hindered
That lettis him nocht gang. his coming.

WANTONNES.

I left Solace, that same greit loun, I left him
Drinkand into the burrows toun : drinking;
It will cost him halfe of ane croun, and he
Althocht he had na mair. said he was
And, als, he said hee wald gang see going to see Lady
Fair ladie Sensualitie, Sensuality, the
The buriall of all bewtie dainty beauty.
And portratour preclair.

PLACEBO.

Be God, I see him, at the last, When last I saw
As he war chaist, rynnand richt fast ; him, he was running hard, as
He glowris, euin as he war agast, if scared by a
Or fleyit of ane gaist. ghost.
Na, he is wod drunkin, I trow. But no; he is
Se ȝe not that he is wod fow? mad-drunk,
I ken weill, be his creischie mow, after a feast.
He hes bene at ane feast.

SOLACE.

Now, quha saw euer sic ane thrang? Who says I have
Me thocht sum said I had gaine wrang. gone wrong?
Had I help, I wald sing ane sang I should like to
With ane rycht mirrie noyse. sing you the
I haue sic pleasour at my hart, treble of a song,
That garris me sing the troubill pairt, if some one would
Wald sum gude fellow fill the quart, fill the quart.
It wald my hairt reioyce.
Howbeit my coat be short and nippit, Thank God, I am
Thankis be to God, I am weill hippit, very stiff in the
Thocht all my gold may shone be grippit back,
Intill ane pennie pursse ;

and not worth a pin.

Thocht I ane seruand lang haif bene,
My purchais is nocht worth ane preine;
I may sing Peblis on the greine,
For ocht that I may tursse.

Can you guess my name? I am Sandy Solace,

Quhat is my name, can ȝe not gesse?
Sirs, ken ȝe nocht Sandie Solace?

son of Bess, the wanton from her girlhood,

Thay callit my mother bonie Besse,
That dwelt betwene the bowis.
Of twelf ȝeir auld sho learnit to swyfe:

and of four or five fathers,—no joking,—one after another.

Thankit be the great God on lyue,
Scho maid me fatheris four or fyue:
But dout, this is na mowis.
Quhen ane was deid, sho gat ane vther:

I had a power of sires, lay and cleric.

Was never man had sic ane mother.
Of fatheris sho maid me ane futher,
Of lawit men and leirit.

She is more than a match for twenty-four a night, honour bright.

Scho is baith wyse, worthie, and wicht;
For scho spairis nouther kuik nor knycht,
ȝea, four and twentie on ane nicht,
And ay thair eine scho bleirit:
And, gif I lie, sirs, ȝe may speir.

Have you seen the King? I am his player; and he is soon coming here. Long may he reign!

Bot saw ye nocht the King cum heir?
I am ane sportour and playfeir
To that Royall ȝoung King.
He said he wald, within schort space,
Cum pas his tyme into this place.
I pray the Lord to send him grace,
That he lang tyme may ring.

PLACEBO.

Why so late?

Solace, quhy taryit ȝe sa lang?

SOLACE.

I could not come any quicker; and

The feind a faster I micht gang:
I micht not thrist out throw the thrang
Of wyfes fyftein fidder.

Then for to rin I tuik ane rink ; — I ran away as
Bot I felt neuer sik ane stink. — soon as I could.
For our Lordis luif, gif me ane drink, — For God's love,
Placebo, my deir brother. — give me a drink.

REX HVMANITAS.

My servant Solace, quhat gart 3ow tarie? — Why did you delay?

SOLACE.

I wait not, sir, be sweit saint Marie : — I have been in
I haue bene in ane feirie farie, — sad confusion.
Or ellis intill ane trance :
Sir, I haue sene, I 3ow assure, — I have seen the
The fairest earthlie creature — loveliest creature
That ever was formit be nature, — that ever was
And maist for to advance. — created,
To luik on hir is great delyte, — with red lips and
With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte : — white cheeks,
I wald renunce all this warld quyte, — most desirable,
For till stand in hir grace. — inviting,
Scho is wantoun, and scho is wyse — and dressed in
And cled scho is on the new gyse : — the new fashion.
It wald gar all 3our flesche vpryse, — Such a face!
To luik vpon hir face.
War I ane king, it sould be kend, — If I were a king,
I sould not spair on hir to spend, — cost what it might, I would
And this same nicht for hir to send, — send for her to
For my pleasure. — night.
Quhat rak of 3our prosperitie, — What is the
Gif 3e want Sensualitie! — world worth
I wald nocht gif ane sillie flie — without a
For 3our treasure. — woman?

REX HVMANITAS.

Forsuith, my freinds, I think 3e are not wyse — The King rebukes
Till counsall me to break commandement, — Solace

for trying to tempt one who was minded to eschew lowdness, and repudiates his offer, as odious.

Directit be the Prince of Paradyce,—
Considering ȝe knaw that my intent
Is for till be to God obedient,—
Quhilk dois forbid men to be lecherous:
Do I nocht sa, perchance I will repent.
Thairfoir, I think ȝour counsall odious,
The quhilk ȝe gaif mee till;

He had, hitherto, had no manner of experience whatever.

Becaus I haue bene, to this day,
Tanquam tabula rasa;
That is als mekill as to say,
Redie for gude and ill.

PLACEBO.

Placebo says they have no wish to corrupt or mislead the King. They will side with him, so that he be not a young saint and then an old devil.

Beleiue ȝe that we will begyll ȝow,
Or from ȝour vertew we will wyle ȝow,
Or with euill counsall overseyll ȝow
Both into gude and euill?
To tak ȝour graces part wee grant,
In all ȝour deidis participant,
Sa that ȝe be nocht ane ȝoung sanct,
And, syne, ane auld deuill.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness vouches the Romish Church, in proof that lechery is no sin. Chastity is banished out of Rome.

Beleiue ȝe, Sir, that Lecherie be sin?
Na, trow nocht that: this is my ressoun quhy:
First, at the Romane Kirk will ȝe begin,—
Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lechery,—
Quhair Cardinals and Bischops, generally,
To luif Ladies thay think ane pleasant sport,
And out of Rome hes baneist Chastity,
Quha with our Prelats can get na resort.

SOLACE.

Solace advises His Majesty to have a concubine,

Sir, quhill ȝe get ane prudent Queine,
I think ȝour Maiestie serein
Sould haue ane lustie Concubein,

To play 3ow withall. — for his comfort;
For I knaw, be 3our qualitie, — as he lacks the
3e want the gift of chastitie. — gift of chastity.
Fall to, in nomine Domini :
This is my counsall.
I speik, Sir, vnder protestatioun, — For the prelates
That nane at me haif indignatioun ; — indulge, pretty
For all the Prelats of this natioun, — generally, in
For the maist part, — concubinage;
Thay think na schame to haue ane huir ; — and some of them had a whole leash
And sum hes thrie vnder thair cuir. — of mistresses.
This to be trew, Ile 3ow assuir, — This is true;
3e sall heir efterwart.
Sir, knew [3e] all the mater throch, — and do thou
To play 3e wald begin. — likewise.
Speir at the Monks of Bamirrinoch, — Ask the monks of Bamirrinoch
Gif lecherie be sin. — if lechery is sin.

PLACEBO.

Sir, send 3e for Sandie Solace, — Placebo tells the
Or ells 3our mon3eoun Wantonnes ; — King to ask the
And pray my Ladie Priores — Prioress
The suith till declair, — whether
Gif it be sin to tak Kaity, — fornication is sin.
Or to leif like ane bummillbaty.
The buik sayis Omnia probate, — Prove all
And nocht for to spair. — things.

SENSVALITIE.

Luifers, awalk ! behald the fyrie spheir! — Lovers, look at
Behauld the naturall dochter of Venus ! — me, Venus's
Behauld, luifers, this lustie Ladie cleir, — daughter,
The fresche fonteine of Knichtis amorous, — lovely,
Repleit with ioyis dulce and delicious : — full of joys.
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance ? — Pleasant is my
In my mirthfull chalmer melodious, — bower

to all. Thair sall thay find all pastyme and pleasance.
See my lovely Behauld my heid! behauld my gay attyre!
neck, Behauld my halse lusum and lilie quhite!
my glowing face, Behauld my visage flammand as the fyre!
my shapely breasts. Behauld my papis of portratour perfyte!
I please all To luke on mee luiffers hes greit delyte;
kings, and, Rycht sa hes all the Kingis of Christindome:
specially, the To thame I haif done pleasouris infinite,
Court of Rome. And, speciallie, vnto the Court of Rome.
My kiss is worth Ane kis of me war worth, in ane morning,
a million of gold; A milȝioun of gold, to Knicht or King;
and yet I readily And ȝit I am of nature sa towart,
give it to all. I lat no luiffer pas with ane sair hart.
My name is Of my name wald ȝe wit the veritie,
Sensuality. Forsuith, thay call me Sensualitie.
Let us sing a I hauld it best, now, or we farther gang,
song to Venus. To Dame Venus let vs go sing ane sang.

HAMELINES.

Familiarity Madame, but tarying,
For to serue Venus deir,
acquiesces We sall fall to and sing.
in this. Sister Danger, cum neir.

DANGER.

Danger Sister, I was nocht sweir
To Venus observance.
makes Howbeit I mak Dangeir,
ȝit, be continuance,
answer Men may haue thair pleasance;
with Thairfoir, let na man fray:
We will tak it, perchance,
hesitation. Howbeit that wee say nay.

HAMELINES.

Familiarity Sister, cum on ȝour way;

And let vs nocht think lang, — presses her
In all the haist wee may, — to sing a song
To sing Venus ane sang. — to Venus.

DANGER.

Sister, sing this sang I may not, — Danger asks for
Without the help of gude Fund-Ionet. — the help of
Fund-Ionet! hoaw! cum tak a part. — Fund-Jonet.

FVND-IONET.

That sall I do, with all my hart. — Fund-Jonet,
Sister, howbeit that I am hais, — though hoarse,
I am content to beir a bais. — is ready to sing bass.
3e twa sould luif me as 3our lyfe; — She claims their
3e knaw I lernit 3ow baith to swyfe: — love, since she
In my chalmer—3e wait weill quhair—
Sen syne the feind ane man 3e spair. — initiated them.

HAMELINES.

Fund-Ionet, fy! 3e ar to blame. — Objurgation.
To speik foull wordis think 3e not schame

FVND-IONET.

Thair is ane hundreth heir sitand by, — Many a one
That luifis geaping als weill as I, — here is as wanton
Micht thay get it in priuitie. — as I.
Bot quha begins the sang, let se. — But the song!

REX HVMANITAS.

Vp, Wantonnes! thow sleipis to lang. — The King tells
Me thocht I hard ane mirrie sang: — Wantonness to
I the command in haist to gang — see who is
Se quhat 3on mirth may meine. — singing.

WANTONNES.

I trow, Sir, be the Trinitie, — Sensuality, Sir,

I surmise, whom I would see.

Ȝon same is Sensualitie :
Gif it be scho, sune sall I sie
That Soverance sereine.

REX HVMANITAS.

Who is it?

Quhat war thay ȝon, to me declair.

WANTONNES.

Sensuality.

Dame Sensuall, baith gude and fair.

PLACEBO.

She can both play and dance.

Sir, scho is mekill to avance ;
For scho can baith play and dance,
That perfyt patron of plesance,

Her neck is like silk; her hair is fine;

Ane perle of pulchritude :
Soft as the silk is hir quhite lyre,
Hir hair is like the goldin wyre :

and I burn with passion.

My hart burnis in ane flame of fyre :
I sweir ȝow, be the Rude.

She has not her equal on earth.

I think scho is sa wonder fair,
That in earth scho hes na compair.

If you knew love's lore, and had once seen her,

War ȝe weill leirnit at luffis lair,
And syne had hir anis sene,

you would give a million for her love.

I wait, be cokis passioun,
Ȝe wald mak supplicatioun,
And spend on hir ane millioun,
Hir lufe for till obteine.

SOLACE.

Shall she come to you at once?

Quhat say ȝe, sir? ar ȝe content
That scho cum heir incontinent?

What is the worth of power and riches, without joy and quiet?

Quhat vails ȝour kingdome and ȝour rent,
And all ȝour great treasure,
Without ȝe haif ane mirrie lyfe,
And cast asyde all sturt and stryfe,

Till you get a wife, take your pleasure.

And, sa lang as ȝe want ane wyfe,
Fall to and tak ȝour pleasure?

REX HVMANITAS.

Gif that be trew quhilk ȝe me tell,
I will not langer tarie,
Bot will gang preif that play, my sell,
Howbeit the warld me warie.
Als fast as ȝe may carie,
Speid with all diligence:
Bring Sensualitie,
Fra-hand, to my presence.
Forsuth, I wait not how it stands;
Bot, sen I hard of ȝour tythands,
My bodie trimblis, feit and hands,
And, quhiles, is hait as fyre.
I trow, Cupido with his dart
Hes woundit me out-throw the hart;
My spreit will fra my bodie part,
Get I nocht my desyre.
Pas on away, with diligence,
And bring hir heir to my presence:
Spair nocht for trauell nor expence;
I cair not for na cost.
Pas on ȝour way, schone Wantonnes;
And tak with ȝow Sandie Solace,
And bring that Ladie to this place,
Or els I am bot lost.
Commend me to that sweitest thing,
And present hir with this same Ring;
And say I ly in languisching,
Except scho mak remeid.
With siching sair I am bot schent,
Without scho cum, incontinent,
My heauie langour to relent,
And saif me now fra deid.

The King yields, defying the world, and orders them to fetch Sensuality, at once, to him: He finds himself very much excited. Cupid's dart has pierced him; and he is very uneasy. Let her come immediately, despite trouble and cost. Wantonness and Solace are to bring Sensuality to him forthwith, giving her a ring; for he longs and sighs sorely for her to come and relieve his distress.

WANTONNES.

Or ȝe tuik skaith, be Gods goun,

He is told he

shall not be disappointed.

I leuer thair war not, vp nor doun,
Ane tume cunt into this toun,
Nor twentie myle about.

Sensuality shall come: but there will be charges.

Doubt ȝe nocht, Sir, bot wee will get hir:
Wee sall be feirie for till fetch hir;
Bot, faith! wee wald speid all the better,
Till gar our pursses rout.

SOLACE.

Money is indispensable; and we have no ready coin.

Sir, let na sorrow in ȝow sink;
Bot gif vs Ducats for till drink,
And wee sall never sleip ane wink,
Till it be back or eadge.
ȝe ken weill, Sir, wee haue no cunȝe.

REX HVMANITAS.

The King gives it, and bids them make haste.

Solace, sure that sall be no sunȝie:
Beir ȝe that bag vpon ȝour lunȝie.
Now, sirs, win weill ȝour wage:
I pray ȝow speid ȝow sone againe.

WANTONNES.

They promise diligence, whatever the weather, and to be back by midnight.

ȝe! of this sang, sir, wee ar faine:
Wee sall nother spair wind nor raine,
Till our days wark be done:
Fairweill! for wee ar at the flicht.
Placebo, rewll our Roy at richt:
We sall be heir, man, or midnicht,
Thocht wee marche with the Mone.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness greets Sensuality.

Pastyme, with pleasance & greit prosperitie,
Be to ȝow, Soveraine Sensualitie!

SENSVALITIE.

Whither?

Sirs, ȝe ar welcum: quhair go ȝe? eist? or west?

WANTONNES.

In faith, I trow we be at the farrest. "Farrest."

SENSVALITIE.

Quhat is 3our name? I pray 3ou, Sir, declair. Your name?

WANTONNES.

Marie! Wantonnes, the Kings secretair. Wantonness.

SENSVALITIE.

Quhat King is that quhilk hes sa gay a boy? From what king?

WANTONNES.

Humanitie, that richt-redoutit Roy, Humanity;
Quhilk dois commend him to 3ow hartfullie, and he sends you
And sends 3ow heir ane ring with ane Rubie, a ring, as a token
In takin that, abuife all creatour, that he
He hes chosen 3ow to be his Paramour. has chosen you
He bade me say that he will be bot deid, as his paramour.
Without that 3e mak, haistelie, remeid. Do not delay.

SENSVALITIE.

How can I help him, althocht he suld forfair? How can I, no physician, help him?
3e ken, richt weill, I am na Medcinair.

SOLACE.

3es, lustie ladie, thocht he war never sa seik, In a very natural
I wait 3e beare his health into 3our breik. way.
Ane kis of 3our sweit mow, in ane morning, One kiss of yours will give him
Till his seiknes micht be greit comforting. great comfort.
And, als, he maks 3ow supplicatioun,
This nicht to mak with him collatioun. Meet him to-night.

SENSVALITIE.

I thank his grace of his benevolence. Sensuality agrees
Gude sirs, I sall be reddie, evin fra-hand: to go at once;

she will not neglect him, will come immediately, and will do his bidding.

In me thair sall be fund na negligence,
Baith nicht & day, quhen his grace will demand.
Pas 3e befoir, and say I am cummand,
And thinks richt lang to haif of him ane sicht:
And I to Venus do mak ane faithfull band,
That in his arms I think to ly all nicht.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness asks for Familiarity.

That salbe done: bot 3it, or I hame pas,
Heir I protest for Hamelynes, 3our las.

SENSVALITIE.

The request is granted.

Scho salbe at command, sir, quhen 3e will:
I traist scho sall find 3ow flinging 3our fill.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness congratulates him elf on having led the King so quickly into sin.

Now hay! for ioy and mirth I dance.
Tak thair ane gay gamond of France:
Am I nocht worthie till avance,
That am sa gude a page,
And that sa spedelie can rin
To tyst my maister vnto sin?
The fiend a penny he will win
Of this his mariage.

He grieves that he did not keep Sensuality to himself, and abuses himself.

I rew richt sair, be sanct Michell!
Nor I had pearst hir my awin sell;
For quhy 3on King, be Bryds bell,
Kennis na mair of ane cunt
Nor dois the noueis of ane freir.
It war bot almis to pull my eir,
That wald not preif 3on gallant geir.
Fy, that I am sa blunt!
I think, this day, to win greit thank.

He jests about spraining

Hay! as ane brydlit cat, I brank:
Alace! I haue wreistit my schank,
Yit gangis, be sanct Michaell!

Quhilk of my leggis, Sirs, as ȝe trow, — one of his
Was it that I did hurt evin now? — legs, but
Bot quhairto sould I speir at ȝow? — afterwards
I think thay baith ar haill. — thinks they
Gude morrow, Maister, be the Mes! — are both right.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcum, my menȝeon, Wantonnes! — Welcome!
How hes thow sped in thy trauell? — What speed?

WANTONNES.

Rycht weill, be him that herryit hell! — Very good.
ȝour erand is weill done.

REX HVMANITAS.

Then, Wantonnes, how weill is mee! — Then you deserve
Thow hes deseruit baith meit and fie, — reward.
Be him that maid the Mone! — But what shall
Thair is ane thing that I wald speir: — I do when she
Quhat sall I do, quhen scho cums heir? — comes? For
For I knaw nocht the craft, perqueir, — I am a
Of luifers gyn: — novice in love-
Thairfoir, at-lenth ȝe mon me leir — matters
How to begin.

WANTONNES.

To kis hir & clap hir, sir, be not affeard: — Kiss her,
Sho will not schrink, thocht ȝe kis hir ane span
within the baird. — without fear
Gif ȝe think that sho thinks shame, then hyd *the*
bairns eine — of her resisting,
With hir taill, & tent hir weil: ȝe wait quhat
I meine. — &c, &c.
Will ȝe leif me, Sir, first for to go to? — Shall I go first,
And I sall leirne ȝow all kewis how to do. — and show you?

REX HVMANITAS.

By no manner of means.

God forbid, Wantonnes, that I gif the leife!
Thou art ouer perillous ane page sic practiks to preife.

WANTONNES.

She comes.
Be wise.

Now, Sir, preife as ȝe pleis. I se hir cumand.
Vse ȝour self grauelie: wee sall by ȝow stand.

SENSVALITIE.

Glory to thee, Venus, for giving me such beauty!

O Queene Venus! vnto thy Celsitude
I gif gloir, honour, laud, and reuerence,
Quha grantit me sic perfite pulchritude,
That Princes of my persone haue pleasance.

I will sacrifice to thee.

I mak ane vow, with humbill obseruance,
Richt reuerentlie thy Tempill to visie,
With sacrifice vnto thy Dyosie.

All love me,— clerics and laymen,— and all will, the young especially.

Till everie stait I am so greabill,
That few or nane refuses me, at all:
Paipis, Patriarks, or Prelats venerabill,
Common pepill, and Princes temporall
Ar subiect, all, to me, Dame Sensuall.
Sa sall it be ay, quhill the warld indures,
And, speciallie, quhair ȝouthage hes the cures.

None here could truthfully deny this.

Quha knawis the contrair?
I traist, few, in this companie,
Wald thay declair the veritie,
How thay vse Sensualitie,
Bot with me maks repair.

I now go to a powerful prince.

And now my way I man auance
Vnto ane Prince of great puissance,
Quhom ȝoung men hes in gouernance,
Rolland into his rage.

It delights me to take him in charge,—

I am richt glaid, I ȝow assure,
That potent Prince to get in cure,
Quhilk is of lustines the luir,

And greitest of curage. a bold youth.
O potent Prince, of pulchritude preclair,
God Cupido preserue 3our celsitude ! May Cupid and
And Dame Venus mot keip 3our court fro cair, Venus watch
As I wald sho suld keip my awin hart-blud ! over you !

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcum to me, peirles in pulchritude ! Welcome!
Welcum to me, thow sweiter nor the Lamber,
Quhilk hes maid me of all dolour denude ! Take the lady
Solace, convoy this Ladie to my chamber. to my chamber.

SENSVALITIE.

I gang this gait with richt gude will. I go willingly.
Sir Wantonnes, tarie 3e stil ;
And, Hamelines, the cap 3eis fill, But do you two
And beir him cumpanie. drink.

[HAMELINES.]

That sall I do, withoutin dout, We will.
And he and I sall play cap'out.

WANTONNES.

Now, Ladie, len me that batye tout : Fill up.
Fill in ; for I am dry.
3our dame, be this, trewlie, Suppose we
Hes gotten vpon the gumis. follow their
Quhat rak, thocht 3e and I example?
Go iunne our iusting Lumis !

HAMELINES.

Content I am, with gude will, I am nothing
Quhen euer 3e ar reddie, loth.
3our pleasure to fulfill.

WANTONNES.

Now, weill said, be our Ladie ! I will do as my

master, and just where we are, on the floor.

Ile bair my Maister cumpanie,
Till that I may indure:
Gif ȝe be quisland wantȏunlie,
We sall fling on the flure.

GVDE COVNSALL.

God save the hearers, and keep them from offending Christ, the Crucified! May He rule and guide you!

Immortall God, maist of magnificence,
Quhais Maiestie na Clark can comprehend,
Must saue ȝow all that giuis sic audience,
And grant ȝow grace him never till offend,
Quhilk on the Croce did willinglie ascend,
And sched his pretious blude on everie side;
Quhais pitious passioun from danger ȝow defend,
And be ȝour gratious governour and gyde!

I come, because kings, without me, are nothing. To such my wisdom is all.

Now, my gude freinds, considder, I ȝow beseik,
The caus maist principall of my cumming:
Princis or Potestatis ar nocht worth ane leik,
Be thay not gydit be my gude gouerning.
Thair was never Empriour, Conquerour, nor King,
Without my wisdome that micht thair wil avance.

But for me, Good Counsel, confusion is inevitable.

My name is Gude Counsall, without feinȝeing;
Lords, for lack of my lair, ar brocht to mischance.
Finallie, for conclusioun,
Quha halds me at delusioun
Sall be brocht to confusioun:
And this I vnderstand;
For I haue maid my residence
With hie Princes of greit puissance,
In Ingland, Italie, and France,
And monie vther Land.

I have dwelt in many a land, but have long been banished Scotland;

Bot out of Scotland—wa! alace!—
I haif bene fleimit lang tyme space:
That garris our gyders all want grace,
And die befoir thair day.

Becaus thay lychtlyit Gude Counsall, whence
Fortune turnit on thame hir saill, manifold
Quhilk brocht this Realme to meikill baill. misfortune.
Quha can the contrair say?
My Lords, I came nocht heir to lie. I come, for that
Wa is me; for King Humanitie King Humanity,
Overset with Sensualitie, at the outset of his reign, is
In th' entrie of his *ring*, misguide l by
Throw vicious counsell insolent. vicious and
Sa thay may get riches or rent, greedy counsellors,
To his weilfair thay tak na tent, heedless of
Nor quhat sal be th' ending. consequences.
3it in this Realme I wald mak sum repair, May the king
Gif I beleifit my name suld nocht forfair; still be guided by
For, wald this King be gydit 3it with resioun, reason; and may
And on misdoars mak punitioun, I regain my
Howbeit I haif lang tyme bene exyllit, honour here.
I traist in God my name suld 3it be styilit:
Sa, till I se God send mair of his grace, Hence I mean to
I purpois till repois me in this place. stay awhile.

FLATTERIE.

Mak roume, sirs, hoaw! that I may rin! Room!
Lo, se quhair I am new cum, Look at my
Begaryit all with sindrie hewis! bravery, and
Let be 3our din, till I begin, hear my news.
And I sall schaw 3ow of my newis.
Throuchout all Christindome I haue past, A traveller, I
And am cum heir now, at the last, come, sea tossed
Tostit on sea ay sen 3uill day, since last
That wee war faine to hew our Mast, Christmas.
Nocht half ane myle be3ond the May.
Bot now amang 3ow I will remaine: No more of sea
I purpois never to sail againe, for me, nor its
To put my lyfe in chance of watter. risks and
Was never sene sic wind and raine, storms.

There was such a gale, and din of voices, rattling of ropes,

Nor of Schipmen sic clitter clatter.
Sum bade haill! and sum bade standby!
On steirburd! hoaw! aluiff! fy! fy!
Quhill all the raipis beguith to rattil.

flapping and rending of sails;

Was never Roy sa fleyd as I,
Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill.
To se the waws, it was ane wonder,
And wind, that raif the sails in sunder.

and I was in a sad plight therefrom.

Bot I lay braikand like ane Brok,
And shot sa fast, aboue and vnder,
The Deuill durst not cum neir my dok.

Escaped, I am gay.

Now am I scapit fra that effray:
Quhat say ȝe, sirs? am I nocht gay?

I am the same that was with you at Christmas.

Se ȝe not Flatterie, ȝour awin fuill,
That ȝeid to mak this new array?
Was I not heir with ȝow at ȝuill?

Where are my mates?

ȝes, be my faith, I think on weill.
Quhair ar my fallows that wald nocht fail?

Falsehood!

We suld haue cum heir for ane cast.
Hoaw! Falset, hoaw!

FALSET.

Who calls me?

Wa fair the Deuill?
Quha is that that cryis for me sa fast?

FLATTERIE.

Don't you know me, brother?

Quhy, Falset, brother, knawis thou not me?
Am I nocht thy brother Flattrie?

FALSET.

Welcome!

Now welcome, be the Trinitie!

Let us embrace, as we love.

This meitting cums for gude.
Now let me breste the in my armis:
Quhen freinds meits, harts warmis,

How here?

Quod Iok, that frelie fude.
How happinit ȝow into this place?

FLATTERIE.

Now, be my saul! evin on a cace : Quite by way of
I come in sleipand at the port, chance.
Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
Quhair is Dissait, that limmer loun? Where is Deceit?

FALSET.

I left him drinkand in the toun : Drinking.
He will be heir incontinent. He will be here soon.

FLATTERIE.

Now, be the haly Sacrament! I am glad of it.
Thay tydingis comforts all my hart.
I wait, Dissait will tak my part : He is a shrewd
He is richt craftie, as ȝe ken, one, you know.
And counsallour to the Merchand-men.
Let vs ly doun heir, baith, and spy Let us watch for
Gif wee persaue him cummand by. him.

DISSAIT.

Stand by the gait, that I may steir. Help me steer.
Aisay! Koks bons! how cam I heir? How came I
I can not mis to tak sum feir, here? I am
Into sa greit ane thrang. frightened.
Marie! heir ane cumlie congregatioun! Are you all of
Quhat! ar ȝe, sirs, all of ane natioun? one nation?
Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ȝe tak me wrang. Excuse me.
Ken ȝe not, sirs, quhat is my name? I do not dare to
Gude faith! I dar not schaw it, for schame. tell my name,
Sen I was clekit of my Dame,
ȝit was I never leill : from shame.
For Katie Vnsell was my mother, Kitty Bad-un was
And common theif my father-brother : my mother; a thief, my father.
Of sic freindship I had ane fither; Yet I cannot
Howbeit, I can not steill : steal.

But I am ready to borrow and lend, and to fight.

Bot 3it I will borrow and len,
As, be my cleathing, 3e may ken
That I am cum of nobill men;
And, als, I will debait
That querrell with my feit and hands.

I live among merchants.

And I dwell amang the merchands:

My name? I am Deceit.

My name gif onie man demands,
Thay call me Dissait.

I am with you any way.

Bon-iour! brother, with all my hart.
Heir am I cum to tak 3our part,
Baith into gude and euill.

I met Good Counsel,— Devil take him!

I met Gude Counsall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray:
I gif him to the Deuill.

FALSET.

How did you get away?

How chaipit 3e, I pray 3ow tell.

DISSAIT.

I slipped into a brothel, and there hid myself and had adventures.

I slipit into ane bordell,
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis:
God wait gif wee maid monie mowis.

Why came you here?

How came 3e heir, I pray 3ow tell me.

FALSET.

To seek King Humanity.

Marie! to seik King Humanitie.

DISSAIT.

And so I, too.

Now, be the gude Ladie that me bair!
That samin hors is my awin Mair.

Let us devise some cunning scheme.

Now with our purpois let vs méll:
Quhat is 3our counsall, I pray 3ow tell.
Sen we thrie seiks 3on nobill King,
Let vs deuyse sum subtill thing.

And, als, I pray 3ow, as my brother, — Let us be
That we, ilk ane, be trew to vther. — mutually true.
I mak ane vow, with all my hart, — I will aid you,
In gude and euill to tak 3our part. — and will not play
I pray to God, nor I be hangit,
Bot I sall die, or 3e be wrangit. — you false.

FALSET.

Quhat is thy counsall that wee do? — My advice is,
Marie! sirs, this is my counsall, lo! — that we set to
Till tak our tyme, quhill wee may get it;
For now thair is na man to let it. — work at once.
Fra tyme the King begin to steir him, — We must keep
Marie! Gude Counsall I dreid cum neir him; — Good Counsel
And, be wee knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusioun. — away.
Thairfoir, my deir brother, deuyse — What deceit shall
To find sum toy of the new gyse. — we use?

FLATTERIE.

Marie! I sall finde ane thousand wyles: — Let us disguise
Wee man turne our claithis, & change our stiles, — ourselves as
And disagyse vs, that na man ken vs.
Hes na man Clarkis cleathing to len vs? — clerks, just come
And let vs keip graue countenance,
As wee war new cum out of France. — from France.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull! that is weill deuysit. — Well thought! I will soon
3e sall se me sone disagysit. — disguise myself.

FALSET.

And sa sall I, man, be the Rude! — And I, too.
Now, sum gude fallow len me ane hude. — Lend me a hood.

DISSAIT.

Now am I buskit, and quha can spy— — Who could say

this was myself? The Deuill stik me!—gif this be I?
I really am not sure it is. If this be I, or not, I can not weill say.
Or hes the Feind or Farie-folk borne me away?

FALSET.

With the addition of a coif, I should be quite disguised. And, gif my hair war vp in ane how,
The feind ane man wald ken me, I trow.
Quhat sayis thou of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

What do you mean to make yourself, Flattery? I say thou luiks euin like ane loun.
Now, brother Flatterie, quhat do ȝe?
Quhat kynde of man schaip ȝe to be?

FLATTERIE.

Now, be my faith! my brother deir,
A friar. I will gang counterfit the Freir.

DISSAIT.

You cannot preach. A Freir! quhairto? ȝe can not preiche.

FLATTERIE.

I can flatter. Quhat rak, man! I can richt weill fleich.
I may become King's confessor. Perchance Ile cum [till] that honour
To be the Kings confessour.
Friars are favoured. Pure Freirs are free at any feast,
And marchellit, ay, amang the best.
Bishops depute them to preach; and yet they differ from Bishops. Als, God to them hes lent sic graces,
That Bischops puts them in thair places,
Out-throw thair Dioccis to preiche:
Bot ferlie nocht, howbeit thay fleich;
For, schaw thay all the veritie,
Thaill want the Bischops charitie.
They never starve; and goodwives side with them, And, thocht the corne war never sa skant,
Thē gudewyfis will not let Freirs want;
For quhy thay ar thair confessours,
Thair heauinlie prudent counsalours:

Thairfoir the wyfis plainlie taks thair parts, and are more
And shawis the secreits of thair harts open to them
To Freirs, with better will, I trow, than to their own
Nor thay do to thair bed-fallow. husbands.

DISSAIT.

And I reft, anis, ane Freirs coull, I will fetch a
Betuix Sanct Iohnestoun and Kinnoull. friar's cowl I once
I sall gang fetch it, gif ȝe will tarie. came by.

FLATTERIE.

Now play me that of companarie: I never saw a
ȝe saw him nocht, this hundreth ȝeir, friar
That better can counterfeit the Freir. counterfeited better.

DISSAIT.

Heir is thy gaining, all and sum: Here is the cowl,
This is ane koull of Tullilum.

FLATTERIE.

Quha hes ane portouns for to len me? Who has a
The feind ane saull, I trow, will ken me. breviary to lend me?

FALSET.

Now gang thy way, quhair euer thow will; Now you
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill: will do.
Bot with Correctioun gif wee be kend, Woe to us, if
I dreid wee mak ane schamefull end. found out!

FLATTERIE.

For that mater, I dreid na thing: Have no fear.
Freiris ar exemptit fra the King; Friars are
And Freiris will reddie entries get, always
Quhen Lords ar haldin at the ȝet. admitted.

FALSET.

Wee man de mair ȝit, be Sanct Iames! Now let us

change our names.

For wee mon, all thrie, change our names.
Hayif me, and I sall baptize thee.

DISSAIT.

What will you call me?

Be God! and thair-about may it be.
How will thou call me, I pray the tell.

FALSET.

Or myself?

I wait not how to call my sell.

DISSAIT.

Name him.

Bot ȝit anis name the bairns name.

FALSET.

Discretion, then.

Discretioun, Discretioun, in Gods name.

DISSAIT.

My compaternal present?

I neid nocht now to cair for thrift:
Bot quhat salbe my Godbairne gift?

FALSET.

All the devils in hell.

I gif ȝow all the Deuilis of hell.

DISSAIT.

Keep them.

Na, brother; hauld that to thy sell.

I baptize you.

Now sit doun; let me baptize the:

Your name?

I wait not quhat thy name sould be.

FALSET.

Name him.

Bot ȝit anis name the bairns name.

DISSAIT.

Sapience.

Sapience, in ane warlds-schame.

FLATTERIE.

Baptize me.

Brother Dissait, cum baptize me.

DISSAIT.

Then kneel.

Then sit doun lawlie on thy kne.

FLATTERIE.

Now, brother, name the bairns name. — Name Lim.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, the Deuillis name. — Devotion.

FLATTERIE.

The deuill resaue the lurdoun loun ! — You have wetted
Thow hes wet all my new schawin croun. — all my tonsure.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun, — Now we can
Wee thre may rewll this Regioun. — control this
Wee sall find monie craftie things — realm,
For to begyll ane hundreth Kingis : — what between
For thow can richt weil crak and clatter ; — vapouring,
And I sall feinze ; and thow sall flatter. — feigning, and flattering.

FLATTERIE.

Bot I wald haue, or wee depairtit, — Let us take a
Ane drink, to mak vs better hartit. — drink.

(*Now the King sall cum fra his chamber.*)

DISSAIT.

Weill said, be him that herryit hell ! — So I was
I was euin thinkand that, my sell. — thinking.
Now, till wee get the Kings presence, — Now let us keep
Wee will sit doun and keip silence. — quiet.
I se ane zeoman : quhat ever be, — I see the King
Ile wod my lyfe, zon same is he. — coming.
Feir nocht, brother ; bot hauld zow still, — Let us learn his
Till wee haue hard quhat is his will. — will.

REX HVMANITAS.

Now, quhair is Placebo and Solace? — Where are my
Quhair is my minzeoun, Wantonnes ? — three friends!
Wantonnes ! hoaw ! cum to me sone ! — "Wantonness!

WANTONNES.

I had not done. Quhy cryit ȝe, sir, till I had done?

REX HVMANITAS.

What were you doing? Quhat was ȝe doand? tell me that.

WANTONNES.

Learning a lesson, with amazement. Mary! leirand how my father me gat.
I wait nocht how it stands, but doubt:
Me think the warld rinnis round about.

REX HVMANITAS.

I was in the same way. And sa think I, man: be my thrift!
I se fyfteine Mones in the lift.

HAMELINES.

You are content? And tired. Gat ȝe nocht that quhilk ȝe desyrit?
Sir, I beleif that ȝe ar tyrit.

DANGER.

I kept Placebo and Solace merry. Bot, as for Placebo and Solace,
I held them baith in mirrines.

SOLACE.

Sir, are you pleased? Did you like it? Now schaw me, sir, I ȝow exhort,
How ar ȝe of ȝour luif content.
Think ȝe not this ane mirrie sport?

REX HVMANITAS.

Very well. Who are they yonder? ȝea, that I do, in verament.
Quhat bairnis ar ȝon vpon the bent?
I did nocht se them all this day.

WANTONNES.

When they come up, listen to them. Thay will be heir incontinent.
Stand still, and heir quhat thay will say.

(*Now the vycis cums, and maks salutatioun, saying:*)

DISSAIT.

Laud, honor, gloir, triumph, & victory — We salute the
Be to 3our maist excellent Maiestie! — King.

REX HVMANITAS.

3e ar welcum, gude freinds, be the Rude! — You are welcome.
Appeirandlie, 3e seime sum men of gude. — What are your
Quhat ar 3our names, tell me without delay. — names?

DISSAIT.

Discretioun, Sir, is my name, perfay. — Discretion.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat is 3our name, sir, with the clipit croun? — Yours?

FLATTRIE.

But dout, my name is callit Devotioun. — Devotion.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcum, Devotioun, be Sanct Iame! — Welcome.
Now, sirray, tell quhat is 3our name. — And yours?

FALSET.

Marie! sir, thay call me:—quhat call thay me? — My name?

REX HVMANITAS.

Can ye nocht tell quhat is 3our name? — Don't you know it?

FALSET.

I kend it quhen I cam fra-hame. — I knew it just now.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat gars 3e can nocht schaw it now? — Why cannot you tell it?

FALSET.

Marie! thay call me thin drink, I trow! — Thin drink.

REX HVMANITAS.

Thin drink! quhat kynde of name is that? — What a name!

DISSAIT.

Sapiens, you are stupid.

Sapiens, thou seruis to beir ane plat.
Me think thow schawis the not weill-wittit.

FALSET.

Yes: Sypiens.

Sypeins, sir, sypeins: marie! now 3e hit it.

FLATTRIE.

His name is Sapientia.

Sir, gif 3e pleis to let him say,
His name is Sapientia.

FALSET.

So it is.

That same is it, be Sanct Michell.

REX HVMANITAS.

Why could not you say so, yourself?

Quhy could thou not tell it thy sell?

FALSET.

Pardon me.
From plethora of sapience sometimes I am entranced.
I was up above Trinity.

I pray 3our grace appardoun me,
And I sall schaw the veritie.
I am sa full of Sapience,
That, sumtyme, I will tak ane trance:
My spreit wes reft fra my bodie,
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

REX HVMANITAS.

Sapience should be a likely person.

Sapience suld be ane man of gude.

FALSET.

You may believe so.

Sir, 3e may ken that, be my hude!

REX HVMANITAS.

With Sapience, Discretion, an I Devotion, I can now rule aright, and have them for my secretary,

Now haue I Sapience and Discretioun,
How can I faill to rewll this Regioun?
And Devotioun, to be my confessour:
Thir thrie came in ane happie hour.
Heir I mak the my secretar;

And thou salbe my thesaurar; — treasurer, and
And thow salbe my counsallour — counsellor and
In spirituall things, and confessour. — confessor.

FLATTRIE.

I sweir to 3ow, sir, be sanct Ann! — You have, in me,
3e met never with ane wyser man; — one of the wisest
For monie a craft, sir, do I can, — and most learned
War thay weill knawin. — of men.
Sir, I haue na feill of flattrie, — No flatterer, I am
Bot fosterit with Philsophie; — an adept in
Ane strange man in Astronomie, — philosophy and
Quhilk salbe schawin. — astronomy.

FALSET.

And I haue greit intelligence — As for me, I
In quelling of the quintessence. — know all about
Bot, to preif my experience, — the quintessence.
Sir, len me fourtie crownes, — Lend me forty
To mak multiplicatioun; — crowns; and, if
And tak my obligatioun:
Gif wee mak fals narratioun, — we deceive you,
Hauld vs for verie lownes. — count us villains.

DISSAIT.

Sir, I ken, be 3our Physnomie, — I know, by your
3e sall conqueis, or els I lie, — physiognomy,
Danskin, Denmark, and Almane, — that you are
Spittelfeild, and the Realme of Spane: — destined to
3e sall haue at 3our governance — conquer many
Ranfrow and all the Realme of France; — realms and
3ea, Rugland, and the toun of Rome, — regions,—all
Castorphine, and al christindome: — Christendom.
Quhairto, sir, be the Trinitie! — You are a very
3e ar ane verie Apersie. — A per se.

FLATTRIE.

I have learned palmistry.
Sir, quhen I dwelt in Italie,
I leirit the craft of Palmistrie.
Show me your hand, to tell your fortune, bad or good.
Schaw me the lüfe, Sir, of 3our hand,
And I sall gar 3ow vnderstand
Gif 3our grace be infortunat,
Or gif 3e be predestinat.
You will have 15 queens and 500 concubines.
I see 3e will haue fyfteine Queenes
And fyfteine scoir of Concubeines.
What a white face,—and arms, hands, legs!
The Virgin Marie saife 3our grace!
Saw ever man sa quhyte ane face,
Sa greit ane arme, sa fair ane hand!
Thairs nocht sic ane leg in al this land.
You could knock down 1500.
War 3e in armis, I think na wonder,
Howbeit 3e dang doune fyfteine hunder.

DISSAIT.

And how he fits his clothes!
Now, be my saull! thats trew thow sayis:
Wes never man set sa weill his clais.
No man is fitter for a king.
Thair is na man in Christintie,
Sa meit to be ane King as 3e.

FALSET.

You should thank the Trinity, sir, for sending us three to you.
Sir, thank the haly Trinitie,
That send vs to 3our cumpanie.
For God! nor I gaip in ane gallows,
Gif ever 3e fand thrie better fallows.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcome!
3e ar richt welcum, be the Rude!
3e seime to be thrie men of gude.

(*Heir sall Gude Counsall schaw himself in the feild.*)

Who is that yonder? Bring him, if he wishes to come to me.
Bot quha is 3on that stands sa still?
Ga spy, and speir quhat is his will;
And, gif he 3earnis my presence,
Bring him to mee with Diligence.

DISSAIT.

That sall wee do, be Gods breid! We 's bring him eather quick or deid. — We will do as you bid.

REX HVMANITAS.

I will sit still heir and repois. Speid 3ow agane to me, my Iois. — Go, while I sit here.

FALSET.

3e, hartlie, Sir: keip 3ow in clois And quyet, till wee cum againe. Brother, I trow, be coks toes! 3on bairdit bogill cums fra ane traine. — Meantime, keep quiet. But I fear mischief.

DISSAIT.

Gif he dois sa, he salbe slaine. I doubt him nocht, nor 3it ane vther. Trowit I that he come for ane traine, Of my freindis I sould rais ane futher. — I will prevent that, fearlessly. I would raise my friends.

FLATTRIE.

I doubt full sair, be God him sell! That 3on auld churle be Gude Counsell. Get he anis to the Kings presence, We thrie will get na audience. — I fear it is Good Counsel. He must not get near the King.

DISSAIT.

That matter I sall tak on hand, And say, it is the Kings command, That he anone devoyd this place, And cum nocht neir the Kings grace,— And that, vnder the paine of tressoun. — I will undertake to say he must be off at once, under pain of treason.

FLATTRIE.

Brother, I hauld 3our counsell ressoun. Now let vs heir quhat he will say. Auld lyart beard, gude day! gude day! — Well thought! What says he? Good morrow!

GVDE COVNSALL.

Good morrow! The Lord better you!

Gude day, againe! sirs, be the rude!
The Lord mot mak 3ow men of gude!

DISSAIT.

We need no prayers, being good already.

Pray nocht for vs to Lord nor Ladie;
For we ar men of gude alreadie.

Your name?

Sir, schaw to vs quhat is 3our name.

GVDE COVNSALL.

Good Counsel.

Gude Counsell thay call me at hame.

FALSET.

Is it so?

Quhat says thow, carle? ar thow Gude Counsell?

Away, then!

Swyith! pak the sone, vnhappie vnsell!

And stay away, or we will slay you.

Gif ever thou cum this gait againe,
I vow to God, thou sall be slaine.

GVDE COVNSALL.

Only let me speak two words to the King.

I pray 3ow, sirs, gif me licence
To cum anis to the Kings presence,
To speik bot twa words to his grace.

FLATTRIE.

Away!

Swyith! hursone carle: devoyd this place!

GVDE COVNSALL.

I know you well enough. You are Flattery, Deceit, and False Report, keeping me from the King.

Brother, I ken 3ow weill aneuch,
Howbeit 3e mak it never sa teuch:—
Flattrie, Dissait, and Fals Report,
That will not suffer to resort
Gude Counsall to the Kings presence.

DISSAIT.

Be off!

Suyith! hursun carle: gang, pak the hence!

Come again, and be killed.

Gif ever thou cum this gait agane,
I vow to God, thou sall be slane.

(Heir sall thay hurle away Gude Counsall.) Good Counsel is turned away.

[GVDE COVNSALL.]

Sen, at this tyme, I can get na presence, I have no remedy
Is na remeid bot tak in patience. but patience.
Howbeit Gude Counsall haistelie be nocht hard Though Good
With 3oung Princes, 3it sould thay noch be skard; Counsel is not at first heard by
Bot, quhen 3outhheid hes blawin his wanton young Princes,
blast, he rules them,
Then sall Gude Counsall rewll him, at the last. finally, when youth is past.

(Now the Vycis gangs to ane counsall.)

FLATTRIE.

Now, quhill Gude Counsall is absent, Now that Good
Brother, wee mon be diligent, Counsel is not
And mak, betwix vs, sikker bands, here, we must
Quhen vacands fallis in onie Lands, agree to help each other, when good
That everie man help weill his fallow. luck falls.

DISSAIT.

I had, deir brother, be Alhallow! Only do not
Sa 3e fische nocht within our bounds. poach.

FLATTRIE.

That sall I nocht, be Gods wounds! You may depend
Bot I sall plainlie tak 3our partis. on me.

FALSET.

Sa sall wee thyne, with all our hartis. Let us lose
Bot haist vs, quhill the King is 3oung; no time;
Let everie man keip weill ane toung, observing
And, in ilk quarter, haue ane spy, secrecy, and
Vs till adverteis haistelly, employing spies
Quhen ony casualities to warn us of
Sall happin into our countries: casualties,
And let vs mak provisioun, while he is
Or he cum to discretioun. still heedless.
Na mair he waits, now, nor ane sant, At present, he

takes no thought. Quhat thing it is to haif or want.
All must be done 1004 Or he cum till his perfyte age,
before he comes We sall be sikker of our wage:
of age. And then let everie carle craif vther.

DISSAIT.

You are a *That* mouth speik mair, my awin deir brother.
cunning 1008 For God! nor I rax in ane raip,
counsellor. Thow may gif counsall to the Paip.

(*Now thay returne to the King.*)

REX HVMANITAS.

Why were you Quhat gart 3ou bid sa lang fra my presence?
so long away? I think it lang since 3e depairtit thence.
Who was he 1012 Quhat man was 3ou, with an greit bostous beird?
of the beard? Me thocht he maid 3ow, all thrie, very feard.

DISSAIT.

A burglar, It was ane laidlie lurdan loun,
Cumde to break buithis into this toun.
whom we have 1016 Wee haue gart bind him with ane poill,
disposed of. And send him to the theifis hoill.

REX HVMANITAS.

Take we our Let him sit thair, with ane mischance;
pleasure. And let vs go to our pastance.

WANTONNES.

Let us play some 1020 Better go reuell at the rackat,
Or ellis go to the hurlie hackat,
game, or have Or, then, to schaw our curtlie corsses,
a horse-race. Ga se quha best can rin thair horsses.

SOLACE.

Let Sensuality 1024 Na, soveraine, or wee farther gang,
sing a song. Gar Sensualitie sing ane sang.

(*Heir sall the Ladies sing ane sang, the King sall ly doun amang the Ladies, and then Veritie sall enter.*)

VERITIE.

Diligite Iustitiam qui iudicatis terram. Love justice, yo
Luif Iustice, 3e quha hes ane Iudges cure judges, holding
In earth, and dreid the awfull Iudgement
Of him that sall cum iudge baith rich and pure, in dread the
Rycht terribilly, with bludy wounds rent. Judgment.
That dreidfull day into 3our harts imprent; As you have
Beleuand weill, how and quhat maner 3e judged others,
Vse Iustice heir, til vthers, thair, at lenth, so shall you be judged,
That day, but doubt, sa sall 3e iudgit be. yourselves.
Wa, than, and duill be to 3ow Princes, all, Woe to
Sufferand the pure anes for till be oppress! oppressors,
In everlasting burnand fyre 3e sall reserved for
With Lucifer richt dulfullie be drest. burning!
Thairfoir, in tyme for till eschaip that nest, Then fear God,
Feir God, do law and Iustice equally do justice, and
Till everie man; se that na puir opprest prevent the cry
Vp to the hevin on 3ow ane vengence cry. to Heaven for vengeance on you.
Be iust iudges, without fauour or fead; Eschew
And hauld the Ballance euin till everie wicht. partiality.
Let not the fault be left into the head, Set an example of
Then sall the members reulit be at richt; virtue, and your
For quhy subiects do follow, day and nicht, subjects will
Thair governours, in vertew and in vyce. imitate it.
3e ar the lamps that sould schaw them the licht Ye are to light
To leid them on this sliddrie rone of yce. their way.
Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus. According to
And, gif 3e wald 3our subiectis war weill geuin, your guidance
Then verteouslie begin the dance, 3our sell; the people will
Going befoir, then they anone, I wein, follow, either to Heaven or to
Sall follow 3ow, eyther till heuin or hell. Hell.
Kings sould of gude exempils be the well; Beware that,
Bot, gif that 3our strands be intoxicate, instead of wine,
In steid of wyne, thay drink the poyson fell: you give them not
Thus pepill follows, ay, thair principate. drink of poison.

And do you, Prelates, look to it that your lights so shine as to advantage the lay folk.

Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus, vt videant opera vestra bona.
And, specially, ȝe Princes of the Preists,
That of peopill hes spiritual cuir,
Dayly ȝe sould revolue into ȝour breistis,
How that thir haly words ar still maist sure.

Lead godly lives, and the people will copy you alike in your works and words:

In verteous lyfe gif that ȝe do indure,
The pepill wil tak mair tent to ȝour deids
Then to ȝour words, and, als, baith rich and puir
Will follow ȝow baith in ȝour warks and words.

(*Heir sal Flattrie spy Veritie with ane dum countenance.*)

My name is Truth.

Gif men of me wald haue intelligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me Veritie.

I have had much experience.

Of Christis law I haue experience,
And hes over-saillit many stormie sey.

I am in quest of King Humanity, whom I hope to benefit, when once he knows me

Now am I seikand King Humanitie;
For of his grace I haue gude esperance,
Fra tyme that he acquaintit be with mee,
His honour and heich gloir I sall avance.

(*Heir sall Veritie pas to hir sait.*)

DISSAIT.

Good morrow! What news?

Gude day, father: quhair haue ȝe bene?
Declair till vs of ȝour nouels.

FLATTRIE.

There is Lady Truth.

Thair is now lichtit on the grene,
Dame Veritie, be Buiks and bels!

If she gets at the King, there is no peace for us. Let us be off.

Bot cum scho to the Kings presence,
Thair is na buit for vs to byde:
Thairfoir, I red vs all go hence.

FALSET.

Not so. Rather, let us

That will we nocht ȝit, be Sanct Bryde!
Bot wee sall ather gang or ryde

To Lords of Spritualitie, go and lay a
And gar them trow, 3on bag of pryde charge of heresy
Hes spokin manifest heresie. against her.

(*Heir thay cum to the Spritualitie.*)

FLATTRIE.

O reverent fatheris of the Sprituall stait, We come to report of Lady Truth, who has appeared, bearing the New Testament.
Wee counsall 3ow, be wyse and vigilant.
Dame Veritie hes lychtit, now of lait,
And in hir hand beirand the Newtestament.
Be scho ressauit, but doubt wee ar bot schent: She must not be received, but must be expelled from the land, and that while the King still sleeps.
Let hir nocht ludge, thairfoir, into this Land.
And this wee reid 3ow do incontinent,
Now quhill the King is with his luif sleipand.

SPRITVALITIE.

Wee thank 3ow, freinds, of 3our benevolence: It shall be even so;
It sall be done, evin as 3e haue devysit.
Wee think 3e serue ane gudlie recompence, and you deserve well of us.
Defendand vs, that wee be nocht supprysit.
In this mater wee man be weill aduysit, We must be cautious.
Now quhill the King misknawis the veritie.
Be scho ressauit, then wee will be deprysit. Her success would be our ruin.
Quhat is 3our counsell, brother, now let se.

ABBOT.

I hauld it best, that wee, incontinent, Let her be cast into bonds,
Gar hauld hir fast into Captivitie,
Vnto the thrid day of the Parlament, and accused of heresy,
And then accuse hir of hir herisie,
Or than banische hir out of this cuntrie; or banished.
For, with the King gif Veritie be knawin, If the King comes to know her, we shall be degraded and exposed.
Of our greit gloir wee will degradit be,
And all our secreits to the commouns schawin.

PERSONE.

3e se the King is 3it effeminate, The King

is as yet immersed in the pleasures of youth; and I advise that you destroy the Lutherans, and Lady Truth, in particular.

And gydit be Dame Sensualitie,
Rycht sa with 3oung counsall intoxicate;
Swa at this tyme 3e haif 3our libertie.
To tak 3our tyme, I hauld it best, for me,
And go distroy all thir Lutherians,
In speciall, 3on ladie Veritie.

SPRITVALITIE.

Parson, contrive this; and do you, Friar, assist.

Schir Persone, 3e sall be my commissair,
To put this mater till executioun;
And 3e, sir Freir, becaus 3e can declair
The haill processe, pas with him in commissioun:

Bless you, both!

Pas, all togidder, with my braid bennisoun;

If free of speech, imprison her, not to approach the King.

And, gif scho speiks against our libertie,
Then put hir in perpetuall presoun,
That scho cum nocht to King Humanitie.

(*Heir sall thay pas to Verity.*)

PERSONE.

What is your business here? Who authorized your mission?

Lustie Ladie, we wald faine vnderstand
Quhat earand 3e haif in this Regioun.
To preich, or teich, quha gaif to 3ow command?
To counsall Kingis how gat 3e commissioun?

Unless you receive pardon, and renounce your errors, I fear you will be burnt alive.

I dreid, without 3e get ane remissioun,
And, syne, renunce 3our new opiniones,
The spirituall stait sall put 3ow to perditioun,
And in the fyre will burne 3ow, flesche and bones.

VERITIE.

I recant nothing I have spoken.

I will recant nathing that I haue schawin:
I haue said nathing bot the veritie.

If the King gets to know me, you will rue my coming.

Bot, with the King fra tyme that I be knawin,
I dreid 3e spaiks of Spritualitie

Let him learn the truth, and your credit is at an end

Sall rew that ever I came in this cuntrie:
For, gif the Veritie plainlie war proclamit,
And, speciallie, to the Kings Maiestie,
For 3our traditions 3e wilbe all defamit.

FLATTRIE.

Quhat buik is that, harlot, into thy hand? This is the New Testament, in English, and printed!
Out! walloway! this is the New Test'ment,
In Englisch toung, and printit in England!
Herisie! herisie! fire! fire! incontinent. Heresy! Fire!

VERITY.

Forsuith, my freind, ȝe haue ane wrang iudgement; There is no heresy in this
For in this Buik thair is na heresie, book, but Christ's
Bot our Christs word, baith dulce and redolent,— Word, a flowing
Ane springing well of sinceir veritie. well of truth.

DISSAIT.

Cum on ȝour way: for all ȝour ȝealow locks, You shall repent your speeches in the stocks to-
ȝour vantoun words, but doubt, ȝe sall repent: night, and be
This nicht ȝe sall forfair ane pair of stocks, tried to-morrow.
And, syne, the morne, be brocht to thoill Iudgment.

VERITIE.

For our Christs saik I am richt weill content I am ready to suffer for Christ.
To suffer all thing that sall pleis his grace.
Howbeit ȝe put ane thousand to torment, Persecution spreads faith.
Ten hundreth thowsand sall rise into thair place.

(*Veritie sits doun on hir knies, and sayis:*)

Get vp!—thow sleipis all too lang, O Lord,— Arise, O Lord! Convert those that trample on Thy Word and set themselves against true teaching.
And mak sum ressonabill reformatioun
On them that dois tramp doun thy gracious word,
And hes ane deidlie indignatioun
At them quha maks maist trew narratioun.
Suffer me not, Lord, mair to be molest! Let me not be grieved and crushed by Thy enemies.
Gude Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,
With thy vnfreinds let me nocht be supprest.
Now, Lords, do as ȝe list. Do your will, Lords.
I haue na mair to say. I have spoken.

FLATTRIE.

Rest here till day.

Sit doun, and tak 3ow rest,
All nicht, till it be day.

Truth is put in the stocks.

(*Thay put Veritie in the stocks, and returne to Spritualitie.*)

DISSAIT.

We have made fast the babbler.

My Lord, wee haue, with diligence,
Bucklit vp weill 3on bledrand baird.

SPRITVALITIE.

You deserve these ten crowns as reward.

I think 3e serue gude recompence.
Tak thir ten crowns for 3our rewaird.

VERITY.

In me is fulfilled, this day, the prophecy, that the truth must suffer violence; to be read in Isaiah, chapter lv.

The Prophesie of the Propheit Esay
Is practickit, alace! on mee, this day,
Quha said: the veritie sould be trampit doun
Amid the streit, and put in strang presoun.
His fyue and fiftie chapter quha list luik,
Sall find thir words writtin in his Buik.

See, too, what S. Paul says to Timothy.

Richt sa, Sanct Paull wrytis to Timothie,
That men sall turne thair earis from veritie.

But I trust in God to deliver me.

Bot in my Lord God I haue esperance:
He will provide for my deliverance.

I fear, however, that the Spiritual Princes will be visited by the plagues of the Apocalypse.

Bot 3e, Princes of Spritvalitie,
Quha sould defend the sinceir veritie,
I dreid the plagues of Iohnes Revelatioun
Sall fal vpon thair generatioun.

Amend, and so escape.

I counsall 3ow this misse t'amend,
Sa that 3e may eschaip that fatall end.

CHASTITIE.

I have long been banished.

How lang sall this inconstant warld indure,
That I sould baneist be sa lang, alace!

I am unheeded and unfriended.

Few creatures or nane takis on me cure,
Quhilk gars me monie nicht ly harbrieles.

Thocht I haue past all 3eir, fra place to place,
Amang the Temporal and Spirituall staits,
Nor amang Princes, I can get na grace,
Bot boustuouslie am halden at the 3etis.

I wander from place to place, and neither the Temporal Estate, nor the Spiritual, nor Princes show me favour.

DILIGENCE.

Ladie, I pray 3ow schaw me 3our name.
It dois me noy, 3our lamentatioun.

What is your name? Your lament touches me.

CHASTITIE.

My freind, thairof I neid not to think shame;
Dame Chastitie, baneist from town to town.

My name—of which I am not ashamed,—is Chastity.

DILIGENCE.

Then pas to ladies of Religioun,
Quhilk maks thair vow to obserue Chastitie.
Lo! quhair thair sits ane Priores of renown
Amangs the rest of Spritualitie.

Go and try the nuns, especially a famous prioress.

CHASTITIE.

I grant, 3on Ladie hes vowit Chastitie
For hir professioun; thairto sould accord.
Scho maid that vow for ane Abesie,
Bot nocht for Christ Iesus our Lord.
Fra tyme that thay get thair vows, I stand for'd,
Thay banische hir out of thair cumpanie:
With Chastitie thay can mak na concord,
Bot leids thair lyfis in Sensualitie.
I sall obserue 3our counsall, gif I may.
Cum on, and heir quhat 3on Ladie will say.

She should be as good as her profession.
Only she to ok not her vows for Christ.
The nuns have banished Chastity,
according better with Sensuality.
Still, I will act on your advice.

(*Chastitie passis to the Ladie Priores, and sayis:*)

My prudent, lustie, Lastie Priores,
Remember how 3e did vow Chastitie.
Madame, I pray 3ow, of 3our gentilnes,
That 3e wald pleis to haif of me pitie,
And this ane nicht to gif me harberie:

As you have bound yourself to chastity, take pity on me, Madam, and give me shelter for this single night,

I pray you.
For this I mak 3ow supplicatioun.
Otherwise, so much the worse.
Do 3e nocht sa, Madame, I dreid, perdie!
It will be caus of depravatioun.

PRIORES.

Off at once!
Pas hynd, Madame: be Christ! 3e cum nocht heir:
You don't suit.
3e are contrair to my cumplexioun.
Some old monk or friar may take you in.
Gang seik ludging at sum auld Monk or Freir:
Perchance thay will be 3our protectioun.
Or apply to the prelates.
Or to Prelats mak 3our progressioun,
Quhilks ar obleist to 3ow, als weill as I.
Lady Sensuality says I am not to consort with you.
Dame Sensuall hes geuin directioun
3ow till exclude out of my cumpany.

CHASTITIE.

If you wish to learn more of the truth, the Spiritual Lords, too, have excluded me from their presence.
Gif ye wald wit mair of the veritie,
I sall schaw 3ow, be sure experience,
How that the Lords of Spirituality
Hes baneist me, alace! fra thair presence.

(*Chastitie passes to the Lords of Spritualitie.*)

My Lords, hail to you!
My Lords, laud, gloir, triumph, and reverence
Mot be vnto 3our halie Spirituall stait!
Of your benevolence, harbour me.
I 3ow beseik, of 3our benevolence,
To harbry mee that am sa desolait.
Far-travelled, I can get no lodging.
Lords, I haue past throw mony vncouth schyre;
Bot in this Land I can get na ludgeing.
As to my name, it is Chastity.
Of my name gif 3e wald haif knawledging,
Forsuith, my Lords, thay call me Chastitie.
Take me in to-night, for charity.
I 3ow beseik, of 3our graces bening,
Gif me ludging, this nicht, for charitie.

SPRITVALITIE.

Pass on, stranger. Your staying here any longer will be paid dear for.
Pas on, Madame,—we knaw 3ow nocht;—
Or, be him that the warld wrocht!
3our cumming sall be richt deir eoft,
Gif 3e mak langer tarie.

ABBOT.

But doubt, wee will baith leif and die
With our luif, Sensualitie.
Wee will haif na mair deall with the
Then with the Queene of Farie.

We prefer Sensuality, and will have no dealings with you.

PERSONE.

Pas hame amang the Nunnis, and dwell,
Quhilks ar of Chastitie the well.
I traist thay will, with Buik and bell,
Ressaue 3ow in thair Closter.

Go and stay with the nuns. They will give you a reception.

CHASTITIE.

Sir, quhen I was the Nunnis amang,
Out of thair dortour thay mee dang,
And wald nocht let me bide sa lang
To say my Pater noster:
I se na grace, thairfoir, to get.
I hauld it best, or it be lait,
For till go proue the Temporall stait,
Gif thay will mee resaif.
Gud day, my Lord Temporalitie;
And 3ow, merchant of gravitie!
Ful faine wald I haue harberie,
To ludge amang the laif.

The nuns drove me from their dormitory, before I could say a Pater Noster. I had better try, then, whether the Temporal Estate will take me in. My Lord Temporality, I would fain lodge with you.

TEMPORALITIE.

Forsuith, wee wald be weil content
To harbrie 3ow with gude intent,
War nocht we haif impediment;
For quhy we twa ar maryit.
Bot, wist our wyfis that 3e war heir,
Thay wald mak all this town on steir.
Thairfoir, we reid 3ow rin areir,
In dreid 3e be miscaryit.

Gladly, but for the hindrance that we are married. Considering our wives, you had better take yourself out of harm's reach.

CHASTITIE.

Ye men of craft, house and feed me, for Christ's passion.

3e men of craft, of greit ingyne,
Gif me harbrie, for Christis pyne,
And win Gods bennesone and myne,
And help my hungrie hart.

SOWTAR.

You are welcome; and we will do for you the best in our way.

Welcum, be him that maid the Mone!
Till dwell with vs till it be Iune.
We sall mend baith 3our hois and schone,
And plainlie tak 3our part.

TAYLOVR.

Is this Lady Chastity? You must not stay out there.

Is this fair Ladie Chastitie?
Now, welcum, be the Trinitie!
I think it war ane great pitie
That thou sould ly thair out.

You have my pity; and I propose that we carouse together.

3our great displeasour I forthink.
Sit doun, Madame, and tak ane drink;
And let na sorrow in 3ow sink,
Bot let vs play cap'out.

SOWTAR.

I will join you. And never mind others.

Fill in, and play cap'out;
For I am wonder dry.
The Deuill' snyp aff thair snout,
That haits this company.

IENNIE.

Mother!

Hoaw! mynnie, mynnie, mynnie!

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Where is your father?

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Iennie?
Iennie, my Ioy, quhair is thy dadie?

IENNY.

Drinking.

Mary! drinkand with ane lustie Ladie,

Ane fair 3oung mayden, cled in quhyte, and happy, with
Of quhom my dadie taks delyte. a young maiden,
Scho hes the fairest forme of face,
Furnischit with all kynd of grace. a rare beauty
I traist, gif I can reckon richt, who, I rather think, means to
Scho schaips to ludge with him all nicht. stay all night.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat dois the Sowtar, my gudman? What is the cobbler doing?

IENNIE.

Mary! fillis the cap and turnes the can. Toping; and he
Or he cum hame, be God! I trow will be as drunk
He will be drunkin lyke ane sow. as a swine, before he comes home.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

This is ane greit dispyte, I think, What a shame to
For to resaue sic ane kow-clink. take in a harlot!
Quhat is 3our counsell that wee do? What shall we do

SOWTARS WYFE.

Cummer, this is my counsall, lo! Let us give them
Ding 3e the tane, and I the vther. a beating.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

I am content, be Gods mother! So be it. This
I think, for mee, thay huirsone smaiks is what they
Thay serue richt weill to get thair paiks. deserve.
Quhat, maister feind, neids all this haist? It is six months
For it is half ane 3eir, almaist, since that scamp
Sen ever that loun laborde my ledder. did me justice.

SOWTERS WYFE.

God! nor my trewker mence ane ledder! And it is more
For it is mair nor fourtie dayis than forty days
Sen ever he cleikit vp my clayis; since the cobbler
And, last quhen I gat chalmer glew, showed me due
That foull Sowter began till spew. benevolence; and then he was sick over it.

If they are really drinking with a harlot, let us give them a good dressing.

And now thay will sit doun and drink
In company with ane kow-clink.
Gif thay haif done vs this dispyte,
Let vs go ding them till thay dryte.

(*Heir the wifis sall chase away Chastitie.*)

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Here without our leave? You shall feel my distaff. What is your name?

Go hence, harlot! how durst thow be sa bauld
To ludge with our gudemen, but our licence?
I mak ane vow to him that Iudas sauld,
This rock of myne sall be thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name, dudron, with diligence.

CHASTITIE.

Chastity.

Marie! Chastitie is my name, be Sanct Blais!

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

That is what I never loved.

I pray God, nor he work on the vengence;
For I luifit, never, Chastitie, all my dayes.

SOWTARS WYFE.

My husband makes me keep chaste. I am not to be trifled with; and I may show my spirit again.

Bot my gudeman—the treuth I sall the tell,—
Gars mee keip Chastitie, sair agains my will.
Becaus that Monstour hes maid sic ane mint,
With my bedstaf, that dastard beirs ane dint.
And, als, I vow, cum thow this gait againe,
Thy buttoks salbe beltit, be Sanct Blaine!

(*Heir sall thay speik to thair gudemen, and ding them.*)

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

You shall repent what you have done.

Fals hurson carle, but dout thou sall forthink
That evar thow eat or drink with 3on kow-clink.

SOWTARS WYFE.

As an earnest of my revenge, there is a blow.

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispine,
Ise be revengit on that graceles grume:
And, to begin the play, tak, thair, ane flap.

SOWTAR.

The feind ressaue the hands that gaif mee that! Damn you!

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat now, huirsun? begins thow for til ban? Do you curse?
Tak, thair, ane vther vpon thy peild harne-pan. Take another blow.
Quhat, now, cummer? will thow nocht tak my part? Will you help me, gossip?

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

That sal I do, cummer, with all my hart. Heartily.

(*Heir sall thay ding thair gudemen with silence.*)

TAYLOVR.

Alace! gossop, alace! how stands with 3ow? She has broken
3on cankart carling, alace! hes brokin my brow. my head.
Now weils 3ow Preists, now weils 3ow, all 3our lifes, Well is it with the priests, not to have such
That ar nocht weddit with sic wickit wyfes. wicked wives.

SOWTAR.

Bischops ar blist, howbeit that thay be waryit, And blessed
For thay may fuck thair fill, and be vnmaryit. are bishops.
Gossop, alace! that blak band we may wary, Alas, that we
That ordanit sic puir men as vs to mary. must marry!
Quhat may be done bot tak in patience? Malediction
And on all wyfis we'ill cry ane loud vengence. on wives!

(*Heir sall the wyfis stand be the watter syde, and say:*)

SOWTARS WYFE.

Sen of our cairls we have the victorie, Come off best, what shall we do?
Quhat is 3our counsell, cummer, that be done?

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Send for gude wine, & hald our selfis merie: Send for wine,
I hauld this, ay, best, cummer, be Sanct Clone! and be merry.

SOWTARS WYFE.

I will go fill the quart.

Cumer, will 3e draw aff my hois & schone,
To fill the Quart I sall rin to the toun.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Truss up your clothes, and make haste back.

That sal I do, be him that maid the Mone,
With all my hart: thairfoir, cummer, sit doun.
Kilt vp 3our claithis abone 3our waist,
And speid 3ow hame againe in haist;

I will get a meal ready.

And I sall provyde for ane paist,
Our corsses to comfort.

SOWTARS WYFE.

I am afrayd of the frogs, and of drowning, unless some one supports me.

Then help me for to kilt my clais.
Quhat gif the padoks nip my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
Without I get support.

(*Sho lifts vp hir clais aboue hir waist, & enters in* the *water.*)

But I shall not drown, if I go another way.

Cummer, I will nocht droun my sell,
Go east about the nether mill.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

I will go with you by any road.

I am content, be Bryds bell!
To gang with 3ow, quhair ever 3e will.

(*Heir sall thay depairt, and pas to the Palzeoun.*)

DILIGENCE TO CHASTITIE.

Why out so late? Which was kinder to you, the Temporal Estate, or the Spiritual?

Madame, quhat gars 3ow gang sa lait?
Tell me how 3e haue done debait
With the Temporall and Spirituall stait.
Quha did 3ow maist kyndnes?

CHASTITIE.

They both treated me like a beggar, and drove me away.

In faith, I fand bot ill, and war.
Thay gart mee stand fra thame askar,
Evin lyk ane begger at the bar,
And fleimit mair and lesse.

DILIGENCE.

I counsall 3ow, but tarying,
Gang tell Humanitie, the King.
Perchance hee, of his grace bening,
Will mak to 3ow support.

Go tell King Humanity. Perhaps he will aid you.

CHASTITIE.

Of 3our counsell, I am content
To pas to him incontinent,
And my service till him present,
In hope of sum comfort.

I accept your advice, hoping that good may come of it.

(*Heir sall thay pas to the King.*)

DILIGENCE.

Hoaw! Solace, gentil Solace, declair vnto the king
How thair is heir ane Ladie, fair of face,
That in this cuntrie can get na ludging,
Bot pitifullie flemit from place to place,
Without the king, of his speciall grace,
As ane servand hir in his court resaif.
Brother Solace, tell the king all the cace,
That scho may be resavit amang the laif.

Solace, carry word to the King that there is a fair lady here, praying to be received at his Court, as a servant. Tell the news persuasively.

SOLACE.

Soverane, get vp, and se ane hevinlie sicht,—
Ane fair Ladie, in quhyt abuil3ement.
Scho may be peir vnto ane king, or knicht,—
Most lyk ane Angell, be my iudgment.

Sire, look at this fine creature,— very like an angel, methinks.

REX HVMANITAS.

I sall gang se that sicht, incontinent.
Madame, behauld gif 3e haue knawledging
Of 3on Ladie, or quhat is hir intent.
Thairefter wee sall turne, but tarying.

I am coming. See whether you know her, or her business. I shall not neglect her.

SENSVALITIE.

It may be that I know her. It is Chastity.
Sir, let me se quhat 3on mater may meine:
Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face.
But doubt, this is Dame Chastitie, I weine.

As she and I cannot stay in one place, if you prefer my company, Sire, send her, at once, out of the country.
Sir, I and scho cannot byde in ane place;
But, gif it be the pleasour of 3our grace
That I remaine into 3our company,
This woman richt haistelie gar chase,
That scho na mair be sene in this cuntry.

REX HVMANITAS.

Be it just as you please. I submit the matter to your decision.
As ever 3e pleis, sweit hart, sa sall it be.
Dispone hir as 3e think expedient,
Evin as 3e list, to let hir liue or die.
I will refer that thing to 3our Iudgement.

SENSVALITIE.

Then let her be expelled the country, to die, if she returns.
I will that scho be flemit incontinent,
And never to cum againe in this cuntrie;
And, gif scho dois, but doubt scho sall repent,
As, als, perchance, a duilfull deid sall die.

Sapience and Discretion, do your duty.
Pas on, sir Sapience, and Discretioun,
And banische hir out of the kings presence.

DISCRETIOVN.

Madam, we obey you, obligingly.
That sall we do, Madame, be Gods passioun!
Wee sall do 3our command with diligence,
And at 3our hand serue gudely recompence.

Lady Chastity, come and be set in the stocks.
Dame Chastitie, cum on: be not agast:
Wee sall, rycht sone, vpon 3our awin expence,
Into the stocks 3our bony fute mak fast.

(Heir sall they harl Chastitie to the stocks; and scho sall say:

Patience, sirs. I yield to your commands,
I pray 3ow, sirs, be patient;
For I sall be obedient
Till do quhat 3e command,

Sen I se thair is na remeid, — having no choice
Howbeit it war to suffer deid, — but death or
Or flemit furth of the land. — banishment.
I wyte the Empreour Constantine, — The Emperor
That I am put to sic ruine, — Constantine is to
And baneist from the Kirk; — blame for my
For, sen he maid the Paip ane King, — disfavour,—the
In Rome I could get na ludging; — fruit of his
Bot heidlangs in the mirk. — having made the Pope a king.
Bot Ladie Sensualitie — Lady Sensuality,
Sen syne hes gydit this cuntrie, — since then, has
And monie of the rest; — borne sway, and
And now scho reulis all this land, — has ordered that
And hes decryit, at hir command, — I be put down.
That I suld be suppresst. — But good comes
Bot all comes for the best — to the good; and
Til him that louis the Lord: — I hope for better
Thocht I be now molest, — fortune.
I traist to be restorde.

(*Heir sall they put hir in the stocks.*)

Sister, alace! this is ane cairful cace, — It is sad that we
That we with Princes sould be sa abhorde: — should be so abhorred by kings.

VERITY.

Be blyth, sister. I trust, within schort space, — We shall soon be
That we sall be richt honorablie restorde, — well with
And with the King we sall be at concorde; — the king;
For I heir tell, divyne Correctioun — for Correction has
Is new landit, thankit be Christ our Lord! — arrived, and will
I wait hee will be our protectioun. — protect us.

(*Hir sall enter Corrections Varlet.*)

VARLET.

Sirs, stand abak, and hauld 3ow coy. — I am Correction's
I am the King Correctiouns boy, — servant, come to
Cum heir to dres his place. — prepare a place for him.

Yield obedience to him, at sight.
Se that 3e mak obedience
Vntill his nobill excellence,
Fra tyme 3e se his face;

He is reforming the nations of Christendom, and will do here as elsewhere.
For he maks reformatiouns
Out-throw all Christin Natiouns,
Quhair he finds great debaits:
And, sa far as I vnderstand,
He sall reforme, into this Land,
Evin all the thrie estaits,

God has sent him, to punish offenders with wars, plagues, death, and poverty.
God furth of heavin hes him send,
To punische all that dois offend
Against his Maiestie;
As lyks him best, to tak vengence,
Sumtyme with Sword and Pestilence,
With derth and povertie.

To the penitent he will show grace; but the obstinate he will cast down.
Bot, quhen the peopill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Then will he gif them grace:
Bot thay that will nocht be correctit
Rycht sudanlie will be deiectit,
And fleimit from his face.

Our words are intended for all; and you must take them in good part.
Sirs, thocht wee speik in generall,
Let na man into speciall
Tak our words at the warst.
Quhat ever wee do, quhat ever wee say,
I pray 3ow tak it all in play,
And iudg, ay, to the best.

I will make haste now, and give notice that all is made ready.
For silence I protest
Baith of Lord, Laird, and Ladie.
Now I will rin, but rest,
And tell that all is ready.

DISSAIT.

This news of reformation stuns me.
Brother, heir 3e 3on proclamatioun?
I dreid full sair of reformatioun:
3on message maks me mangit.

Quhat is 3our counsell, to me tell. — What do you
Remaine wee heir, be God him sell! — advise? For, if
Wee will be, all thre, hangit. — we stay here, we shall be hanged.

FLATTRIE.

Ile gang to Spiritualitie, — I will go and
And preich out-throw his dyosie, — preach where I
Quhair I will be vnknawin; — am unknown,
Or keip me closse into sum closter, — or will keep close,
With mony piteous Pater noster, — in some cloister,
Till all thir blasts be blawin. — till more quiet times.

DISSAIT.

Ile be weill treitit, as 3e ken, — My masters, the
With my maisters, the merchand men, — merchants, will
Quhilk can mak small dèbait. — look after me;
3e ken richt few of them that thryfes, — for few of them
Or can begyll the landwart wyfes, — can thrive
But me, thair man, Dissait. — without Deceit.
Now, Falset, quhat sall be thy schift? — And you, Falsehood?

FALSET.

Na, cuir thow nocht, man, for my thrift. — I for myself.
Trows thou that I be daft? — Am I mad?
Na, I will leif ane lustie lyfe — I shall do bravely
Withoutin ony sturt and stryfe, — among the
Amang the men of craft. — craftsmen.

FLATTRIE.

I na mair will remaine besyd 3ow, — My counsel is,
Bot counsell 3ow, rycht weill to gyde 3ow, — not to stay
Byd nocht on Correctioun. — for Correction.
Fair-weil! I will na langer tarie. — Good bye!
I pray the alrich Queene of Farie — May the Queen of the Fays
To be 3our protectioun. — defend you!

DISSAIT.

Falset, I wald wee maid ane band. — Let us conspire,

and, while the king sleeps, steal his box.

Now, quhill the King is ȝit sleipand,
Quhat rack to steill his Box?

FALSET.

Well said!
I will steal it forthwith.

Now, weill said, be the Sacrament!
I sall it steill incontinent,
Thocht it had twentie lox.

(*Heir sall Falset steill the Kings box with silence.*)

Here it is.
It will repay us.

Lo! heir the Box: now let vs ga:
This may suffice for our rewairds.

DISSAIT.

Even so. And let us throw away our clothes, to baffle pursuers.

ȝea, that it may, man, be this day:
It may weill mak of landwart lairds.
Now let vs cast away our clais,
In dreid sum follow on the chase.

FALSET.

I wish we were safe away.

Rycht weill deuysit, man, be Sanct Blais!
Wald God wee war out of this place!

DISSAIT.

Now we are secure, let us part our booty, and then be off.

Now, sen thair is na man to wrang vs,
I pray ȝow, brother, with my hart,
Let vs ga part this pelf amang vs;
Syne, haistely we sall depart.

FALSET.

I must have most; as I stole the box, while you only looked on.

Trows thou to get als mekill as I?
That sall thow nocht: I staw the Box.
Thou did nathing bot luikit by,
Ay lurkeand lyke ane wylie Fox.

DISSAIT.

Withhold my share at your peril.
Break the locks,

Thy heid sall beir ane cuppill of knox,
Pellour, without I get my part.
Swyith! huirsun smaik, ryfe vp the lox,

Or I sall stick the throuch the hart. — or I stab you.

(*Heir sall thay fecht with silence.*)

FALSET.

Alace! for ever my eye is out. — My eye is out.
Walloway! will na man red the men? — Will no one separate them?

DISSAIT.

Vpon thy craig tak thair ane clout. — There is a clout
To be courtesse I sall the ken. — for your civility.
Fair-weill! for I am at the flicht: — I am going, with
I will nocht byde on ma demands. — what I have;
And wee twa meit againe this nicht, — and you will not see me
Thy feit salbe with fourtie hands. — again soon.

(*Heir sal Dissait rin away with the Box, throuch the water.*)

DIVYNE CORRECTIOVN.

Beati qui esuriunt & sitiunt Iustitiam. — Blessed are they
Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy, — who rightly consider justice.
The Prince of peace, aboue all Kings King, — So says He who
Quhilk hes me sent all cuntries to convoye, — has sent me to repress
And all misdoars dourlie to doun thring. — transgressors.
I will do nocht without the conveining — Supported by the
Ane Parleament of the estaits all: — three Estates, I
In thair presence I sall, but feinzeing, — purpose to put an
Iniquitie vnder my Sword doun thrall. — end to iniquity.
Thair may no Prince do acts honorabill, — Like council,
Bot gif his counsall thairto will assist. — like king.
How may he knaw the thing maist profitabil, — A king, to do
To follow vertew, and vycis to resist, — aright, requires
Without he be instructit and solist? — guidance.
And, quhen the King stands at his counsell sound, — If he is heedful,
Then welth sall wax, and plentie, as he list; — great is the
And policie sall in his Realme abound. — reward.
Gif ony list my name for till inquyre, — My name is
I am callit Divine Correctioun. — Correction.

I fled throch mony vncouth land & schyre,
To the greit profit of ilk Natioun.
Now am I cum into this Regioun,
To teill the ground that hes bene lang vnsawin,
To punische tyrants for thair transgressioun,
And to caus leill men liue vpon thair awin.
Na Realme nor Land but my support may stand;
For I gar Kings liue into Royaltie.
To rich and puir I beir ane equall hand,
That thay may liue into thair awin degrie:
Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie.
Be me tratours and tyrants ar put doun,—
Quha thinks na schame of thair iniquitie,
Till thay be punisched be mee, Correctioun.
Quhat is ane King? nocht bot ane officiar
To caus his Leiges liue in equitie,
And, vnder God, to be ane punischer
Of trespassours against his Maiestie.
Bot, quhen the King dois liue in tyrannie,
Breakand Iustice, for feare, or affectioun,
Then is his Realme in weir and povertie,
With schamefull slauchter, but correctioun.
I am ane Iudge richt potent and seveir,
Cum, to do Iustice, monie thowsand myle:
I am sa constant, baith in peice and weir,
Na bud nor fauour may my sicht oversyle.
Thair is, thairfoir, richt monie, in this Ile,
Of my repair, but doubt, that dois repent.
Bot verteous men, I traist, sall on me smyle,
And of my cumming sall be richt weill content.

I profit all nations;
and I have come here to right all manner of wrongs.
I am all to kings.
Rich and poor are alike to me.
I bring tranquillity; and I put down and punish traitors and tyrants.
What is a king but an officer busied in securing equity and in admonishing trespassers?
If the king is a tyrant, then follow war, poverty, and shameful slaughter.
I am a judge, come from afar, unwavering, unseducible.
Many grieve at my advent; but the virtuous rejoice thereat.

GVDE COVNSELL.

Welcum, my Lord, welcum, ten thousand tyms,
Till all faithfull men of this Regioun!
Welcum, for till correct all falts and cryms
Amang this cankerd congregatioun!

The faithful welcome you, come to correct faults and crimes.

Louse Chastitie, I mak supplicatioun : — Release Chastity
Put till fredome fair Ladie Veritie, — and Lady Truth,
Quha be vnfaithfull folk of this Natioun — now lying in
Lyis bund full fast into Captivitie. — captivity.

CORRECTIOVN.

I mervel, Gude-counsell, how that may be. — Are not you friends with the king?
Ar ȝe nocht with the King familiar?

GVDE COVNSELL.

That I am nocht, my Lord, full wa is me! — On the
Bot, lyke ane begger, am halden at the bar: — contrary,
Thay play bo-keik, evin as I war ane skar. — I am held aloof.
Thair came thrie knaues, in cleithing counterfeit, — Three knaves
And fra the King thay gart me stand affar,— — kept me from
Quhais names war Flattrie, Falset, and Dissait; — the king.
Bot, quhen thay knaues hard tell of ȝour cumming, — Hearing of your coming, they
Thay staw away, ilk ane, ane sindrie gait, — stole off, each in a separate
And cuist fra them thair counterfit cleithing. — direction,
For thair leuing full weill thay can debait. — self-helpful;
The merchandmen thay haif resauit Dissait; — Deceit to the
As for Falset, my Lord, full weill I ken, — merchants,
He will be richt weill treitit, air and lait, — Falsehood to the
Amang the maist part of the crafts men; — craftsmen,
Flattrie hes taine the habite of ane Freir, — and Flattery to
Thinkand to begyll Spiritualitie. — the Spirituality.

CORRECTIOVN.

But dout, my freind and I liue half ane ȝeir, — We shall find out
I sall search out that great iniquitie. — all shortly.
Quhair lyis ȝon Ladyes in Captiuitie? — Where are the ladies?
How, now, Sisters? quha hes ȝow sa disgysit? — How disguised!

VERITIE.

Vnfaithfull members of iniquitie, — The wicked have
Dispytfullie, my Lord, hes vs supprysit. — oppressed us.

CORRECTIOVN.

Release the ladies, and break the stocks.
Gang put 3on Ladyis to thair libertie,
Incontinent, and break doun all the stocks.
And be in good earnest.
But doubt, thay ar full deir welcum to mee.
Mak diligence: me think 3e do bot mocks.
Break the locks, and take them by the hand.
Speid hand, and spair nocht for to break the locks;
And tenderlie tak them vp be the hand.
I would fain assault their persecutors.
Had I them heir, thay knaues suld ken my knocks,
That them opprest, and baneist aff the land.

(*Thay tak the Ladyis furth of the stocks; and Veritie sall say:*)

VERITIE.

And now, Sire, I beg you to go to King Humanity, and to dismiss from his service Lady Sensuality, in favour of Good Counsel.
Wee thank 3ou, sir, of 3our benignitie.
Bot I beseik 3our maiestie Royall,
That 3e wald pas to King Humanitie,
And fleime from him 3on Ladie Sensuall,
And enter in his service Gude-counsell;
For ye will find him verie counsalabill.

CORRECTIOVN.

It shall be so; and he will stand by you three.
Cum on, Sisters: as 3e haif said, I sall,
And gar him stand with 3ow thrie, firme and stabill.

(*Correctioun passis towards the King, with Veritie, Chastitie, and Gude-counsell.*)

WANTONNES.

Who is it that I see, ready to flee away?
Solace, knawis thou not quhat I se?
Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinks me,
With wantoun wings, as he wald flie.
What means this?
Brother, quhat may this meine?
Is he friend, or foe?
I vnderstand nocht, be this day,
Quhidder that he be freind or fay.
What says he?
Stand still, and heare quhat he will say.
I know him not.
Sic ane I haif nocht seine.

SOLACE.

3on is ane stranger, I stand forde : If this stranger
He semes to be ane lustie Lord. proves to be well-
Be his heir-cumming for concorde, disposed to the
And be kinde till our King, King, he shall
He sall be welcome to this place, be welcome
And treatit with the Kingis grace : and favoured.
Be it nocht sa, we sall him chace, Otherwise, we
And to the diuell him ding ! will drive him off.

PLACEBO.

I reid vs put vpon the King, Let us wake
And walkin him of his sleiping. the King.
Sir, rise, and se ane vncouth thing ! Up, Sire, and see
Get vp ! 3e ly too lang. a strange thing!

SENSVALITIE.

Put on 3our hude, Iohne-Fule. 3e raif. How dare you
How dar 3e be so pert, sir knaif, touch the King ?
To tuich the King ? Sa Christ me saif, You shall
Fals huirsone, thow sall hang. be hanged.

CORRECTIOVN.

Get vp, sir King ! 3e haif sleipit aneuch You have had
Into the armis of Ladie Sensual. sleep enough.
Be suir that mair belangis to the pleuch ; More mis-
As efterward, perchance, rehears I sall. becomes you.
Remember how the King Sardanapall King Sarda-
Amang fair Ladyes tuke his lust sa lang, napalus, lustful,
Sa that the maist pairt of his Leiges al
Rebell, and syne him duilfully doun thrang. was dethroned.
Remember how, into the tyme of Noy, Under Noah,
For the foull stinck and sin of lechery, for lechery
the world was
God, be my wande, did al the warld destroy. destroyed.
Sodome and Gomore, richt sa, full rigorously, Therefor, too,
Sodom and
For that vyld sin, war brunt maist cruelly. Gomorrah
were burnt.
Thairfoir, I the command, incontinent Accordingly,

banish Sensuality, if you would not repent.

Banische from the that huir Sensualitie;
Or els, but doubt, rudlie thow sall repent.

REX HVMANITAS.

Who authorized you to correct a King?

Be quhom haue ȝe sa greit authoritie,
Quha dois presume for til correct ane King?

I am King Humanity, a royal sovereign.

Knaw ȝe nocht me, greit King Humanitie,
That in my Regioun Royally dois ring?

CORRECTIOVN.

I have power to ruin princes that, unrepentantly, live amiss.

I haue power greit Princes to doun thring,
That liues contrair the Maiestie Divyne,
Against the treuth quhilk plainlie dois maling:
Repent they nocht, I put them to ruyne.

First, I reform you; then, your subjects.

I will begin at thee, quhilk is the head,
And mak on the, first, reformatioun:
Thy Leiges, than, will follow the, but pleid.

Out, harlot!

Swyith! harlot. Hence, without dilatioun.

SENSVALITIE.

Let me return to Rome.

My Lord, I mak ȝow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pas againe to Rome.

Among its princes I shall thrive.

Amang the Princes of that Natioun,
I lat ȝow wit, my fresche beautie will blume.

Adieu! It does not matter.

Adeu, Sir King! I may na langer tary.
I cair nocht that: als gude luife cums as gais.

My curse on you, following my foes!

I recommend ȝow to the Queene of Farie.
I se ȝe will be gydit with my fais.

Pitiful King!

As for this king, I cure him nocht twa strais.

Bishops and Cardinals would pamper me.

War I amang Bischops and Cardinals,
I wald get gould, silver, and precious clais.

There is no earthly joy without me.

Na earthlie ioy, but my presence, avails.

(*Heir sall scho pas to Spiritualitie.*)

Venus preserve you, Lord Spiritual.

My Lords of the Spirituall stait,
Venus preserue ȝow, air and lait;

I cannot resist.

For I can mak na mair debait.

I am partit with 3our king,
And am baneischt this Regioun,
Be counsell of Correctioun.
Be 3e nocht my protectioun,
I may seik my ludgeing.

I have left your King, being banished by counsel of Correction. You are my sole resort.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Welcum, our dayis darling!
Welcum, with all our hart!
Wee, all, but fein3eing,
Sall plainly tak 3our part.

Welcome, darling, heartily. We will, all, be on your side.

(*Heir sal the Bishops, Abbots, and Persons kis the Ladies.*)

CORRECTIOVN.

Sen 3e ar quyte of Sensualitie,
Resaue into 3our service Gude-counsall,
And, richt sa, this fair Ladie Chastitie,
Till 3e mary sum Queene of blude-royall:
Observe, then, Chastitie matrimoniall.
Richt sa, resaue Veritie be the hand.
Vse thair counsell, 3our fame sall never fall:
With thame, thairfoir, mak ane perpetuall band.

Quit of Sensuality, entertain Good Counsel; also Chastity, till you marry, and after; and Truth. Advise with them, and agree with them.

(*Heir sall the King resaue Counsell, Veritie, & Chastitie.*)

Now, sir, tak tent quhat I will say;
Observe thir same, baith nicht and day,
And let them never part 3ow fray;
Or els, withoutin doubt,
Turne 3e to Sensualitie,
To vicious lyfe, and rebaldrie,
Out of 3our Realme, richt schamefullie,
3e sall be ruttit out;
As was Tarquine, the Romane King
Quha was, for his vicious living,
And for the schamefull ravisching
Of the fair chaist Lucres,
He was digraidit of his croun,

Listen to them, Sire, night and day, at your side; else, if you turn to Sensuality, you will be expelled from your realm; as was Tarquin, who, for ravishing chaste Lucretia, was deprived of his crown,

and banished. And baneist aff his Regioun.
History tells what I did by him. I maid on him correctioun,
As stories dois expres.

REX HVMANITAS.

I trust you, worthy of trust. I am content to 3our counsall t'inclyne,
3e beand of gude conditioun.
Submissive, I permit you to punish and to forgive. At 3our command sall be all that is myne;
And heir I gif 3ow full commissioun
To punische faults and gif remissioun.
I will make a league with you, and will abide by your counsel. To all vertew I salbe consociabill:
With 3ow I sall confirme ane vnioun,
And at 3our counsall stand, ay, firme and stabill.

(*The King imbraces Correction, with a humbil countenance.*)

CORRECTIOVN.

Convene, at once, a Parliament of the three Estates; and then address yourself to complaints. I counsall 3ow, incontinent
To gar proclame ane Parliament
Of all the thrie estaits,
That thay be heir, with diligence,
To mak to 3ow obedience,
And, syne, dres all debaits.

REX HVMANITAS.

Even so. That salbe done but mair demand.
Diligence, learn your message. Hoaw! Diligence, cum heir, fra hand,
And tak 3our informatioun.
Go warn the Spiritualitie,
Rycht sa, the Temporalitie,
Be oppin proclamatioun,
In gudlie haist for to compeir,
In thair maist honorabill maneir,
To gif vs thair counsals.
Negligence to comply will be punished. Quha that beis absent, to them schaw,
That thay sall vnderly the law,
And punischt be, that fails.

DILIGENCE.

Sir, I sall, baith in bruch and land,
With diligence do 3our command,
Vpon my awin expens.
Sir, I haue servit 3ow all this 3eir;
Bot I gat never ane dinneir,
3it, for my recompence.

I will serve you,
and at my
own charges.
For all this year's
services I have
got no
recompence.

REX HVMANITAS.

Pas on, and thou salbe regairdit,
And, for thy service, weill rewairdit;
For quhy, with my consent,
Thou sall haue, 3eirly, for thy hyre,
The teind mussellis of the ferrie myre,
Confirmit in Parliament.

You shall
be well
rewarded;
and the reward
shall be confirmed
in Parliament.

DILIGENCE.

I will get riches throw that rent,
Efter the day of Dume;
Quhen, in the colpots of Tranent,
Butter will grow on brume.
All nicht I had sa meikill drouth,
I micht nocht sleip ane wink.
Or I proclame ocht with my mouth,
But doubt I man haif drink.

And no
doubt I
shall be very
rich by it.
All night I slept
not for thirst.
Before I cry, I
must have
a drink.

CORRECTIOVN.

Cum heir, Placebo and Solace,
With 3our compan3eoun, Wantonnes.
I knaw weill 3our conditioun:
For tysting King Humanitie
To resaue Sensualitie,
3e man suffer punitioun.

Placebo, Solace,
and Wantonness,
you, for enticing
King Humanity
to receive
Sensuality, must
be punished.

WANTONNES.

We grant, my lord, we haue done ill;

We have
done wrong;

so we yield. Thairfoir, wee put vs in ȝour will.
Yet, deceived, we really thought there was no harm in lechery, it being so common. Bot weè haife bene abusit;
For, in gude faith, Sir, wee beleifit
That lecherie had ña man greifit,
Becaus it is sa vsit.

PLACEBO.

Sensuality is countenanced, everywhere, by the great, and even by our own prelates. Ȝe se how Sensualitie
With Principals of ilk cuntrie
Bene glaidlie lettin in,
And with our Prelatis, mair and les.

Ask my Lady Prioress if lechery be sin. Speir at my Ladie Priores
Gif lechery be sin.

SOLACE.

We will amend, if pardoned. Sir, wee sall mend our conditioun,
Sa ȝe giue vs remissioun.

But let us sing, dance, &c., &c., for the King's pleasure. Bot giue vs liue to sing,
To dance, to play at Chesse and Tabils,
To reid Stories and mirrie fabils,
For pleasure of our King.

CORRECTIOVN.

Take your pardon, conditionally. Sa that ȝe do na vther cryme,
ȝe sall be pardonit at this tyme;

Of course Princes may divert themselves harmlessly, as with hawking and hunting, in time of peace, For quhy, as I suppois,
Princes may sumtyme seik solace
With mirth and lawful mirrines,
Thair spirits to reioyis.
And, richt sa, Halking and Hunting
Ar honest pastimes for ane King,
Into the tyme of peace;

and with throwing the spear, against using it in war. And leirne to rin ane heavie spear,
That he, into the tyme of wear,
May follow at the cheace.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun?
And quhy cums nocht Devotioun nar?

Where are Sapience, Discretion, and Devotion?

VERITIE.

Sapience, sir, was ane verie loun;
And Discretioun was nathing war.
The suith, Sir, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle 3our Excellence,
And wald not suffer to resort
Ane of vs thrie to 3our presence.

Sapience and Discretion were sad fellows. To say truth, they deceived you, and prevented our getting access to you.

CHASTITIE.

Thay thrie war Flattrie, and Dissait,
And Falset,—that vnhappie loun,—
Against vs thrie quhilk maid debait,
And baneischt vs from town to town.
Thay gart vs twa fall into sowne,
Quhen thay vs lockit in the stocks.
That dastart knaue, Discretioun,
Full thrifteouslie did steill 3our Box.

They were, really, Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood; and they drove us from town to town, and put us in the stocks. Discretion stole your box.

REX HVMANITAS.

The Deuill tak them, sen thay ar gane!
Me thocht them, ay, thrie verie smaiks.
I mak ane vow to Sanct Mavane,
Quhen I them finde, thays bear thair paiks:
I se they haue playit me the glaiks.
Gude-counsall, now schaw me the best,
Quhen I fix on 3ow thrie my staiks,
How I sall keip my Realme in rest.
Initium sapientiæ est timor Domini.

The Devil take the rascals! If I find them, they shall be paid for fooling me. Good Counsel, now show me how, relying on you three, I can keep my realm in quiet.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Sir, gif 3our hienes 3earnis lang to ring,
First, dread 3our God, abuif all vther thing;

If you would reign long, fear God;

for you are but an instrument in His hands, appointed to rule His people.

For 3e ar bot ane mortall instrument
To that great God and King Omnipotent,
Preordinat, be his divine Maiestie,
To reull his peopill intill vnitie.

First, let a king be just; next, merciful, without severity or partiality.

The principall point, Sir, of ane kings office
Is for to do to euerilk man iustice,
And for to mix his iustice with mercie,
But rigour, fauour, or parcialitie.

To govern is a grave thing.

Forsuith, it is na littill obseruance,
Great Regions to haue in gouernance.

A king has his choice between great labour and perpetual infamy.

Quha euer taks on him that kinglie cuir,
To get ane of thir twa, he suld be suir,—
Great paine and labour, and that continuall,
Or ellis to haue defame perpetuall.

Of some the fame, of others the shame, will be rehearsed a thousand years after they are dead.

Quha guydis weill they win immortall fame;
Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall schame;
Efter quhais death, but dout, ane thousand 3eir
Thair life at lenth rehearst sall be, perqueir.

Study the chronicles; for there you will learn that the deeds of a prince never die.

The Chroniklis to knaw I 3ow exhort:
Thair sall 3e finde baith gude and euill report;
For euerie Prince, efter his qualitie,
Thocht he be deid, his deids sall neuer die.

Obey me, and be glorious.

Sir, gif 3e please for to vse my counsall,
3our fame and name sall be perpetuall.

(*Heir sall the messinger Diligence returne and cry a Hoyzes, a Hoyzes, a Hoyzes, and say:*)

King Humanity charges all members of Parliament to repair to the Court forthwith, in due form.

At the command of King Humanitie,
I wairne and charge all members of Parliament,
Baith sprituall stait and Temporalitie,
That till his Grace thay be obedient,
And speid them to the Court, incontinent,
In gude ordour arrayit royally.

Let none be absent or contumacious.

Quha beis absent, or inobedient,
The Kings displeasure thay sall vnderly.

Also, as you have heard the first half of our play,

And, als, I mak 3ow exhortatioun,
Sen 3e haif heard the first pairt of our play,

Go tak ane drink, and mak Collatioun: refresh yourselves, and pledge each other.
Ilk man drink till his marrow, I 3ow pray.
Tarie nocht lang: it is lait in the day. Be quick.
Let sum drink Ayle, and sum drink Claret wine: Let some drink ale; others, claret, comforting.
Be great Doctors of Physick I heare say,
That maichtie drink comforts the dull ingine.
And 3e, Ladies, that list to pisch, Let the ladies,
Lift vp 3our taill plat in ane disch; too, avail themselves of this intermission.
And, gif that 3our mawkine cryis quhisch,
Stop in ane wusp of stray.
Let nocht 3our bladder burst, I pray 3ow; Do not be prevented from returning; for the best part of the play is still behind.
For that war euin anouch to slay 3ow:
For 3it thair is to cum, I say 3ow,
The best pairt of our Play.

The End of the first part of the Satyre.

(*Now sall the pepill mak Collatioun: then beginnis the Interlude; the Kings, Bischops, and principall players being out of their seats.*)

PAVPER, THE PVRE MAN.

Of 3our almis, gude folks, for Gods luife of heavin! Give me alms, good people, for my motherless little ones; or, at least, direct me to S. Andrews.
For I haue motherles bairns, either sax or seavin.
Gif 3e'ill gif me na gude, for the luife of Iesus,
Wische me the richt way till Sanct-Androes.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair haue wee gottin this gudly compan3eoun? Be off, wretch!
Swyith! Out of the feild, fals raggit loun!
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place, How came he here?
Quhen sic ane vilde begger Carle may get entres.

How negligent, both provost and bailies!

Fy on ȝow officiars, that mends nocht thir failȝies!
I gif ȝow all till the deuill, baith Provost and Bailȝies.

Off with this clown; or no more play.

Without ȝe cum and chase this Carle away,
The Deuill a word ȝe'is get mair of our play.

Why such violence?

Fals huirsun, raggit Carle, quhat Deuil is that thou rugs?

PAVPER.

Shall I cut your ears off?

Quha Devil maid the ane gentill man, that wald not cut thy lugs?

DILIGENCE.

Take yourself away; or I will break your back.

Quhat, now! Me thinks the carle begins to crack.
Swyith, carle! Away! Or be this day Ise break thy back.

(*Heir sall the Carle clim vp and sit in the Kings tchyre.*)

Come down; or I will murder you.

Cum doun; or, be Gods croun! fals loun, I sall slay the.

PAVPER.

These dastardly courtiers, as soon as they get whole clothes, learn to swear and to trip daintily.

Now, sweir be thy brunt schinis. The Deuill ding them fra the!
Quhat say ȝe till thir court dastards? Be thay get hail clais,
Sa sune do thay leir to sweir, and trip on thair tais.

DILIGENCE.

He called me knave, to the face.

Me thocht the carle callit me knaue, evin in my face.

Ask pardon; or be slain.

Be Sanct Fillane! thou salbe slane, bot gif thou ask grace.

Come down; or you shall lose your head.

Loup doun; or, be the gude Lord! thow sall los thy heid.

PAVPER.

I sal anis drink, or I ga, thocht thou had sworne my deid. — I will drink before I go, any way.

(*Heir Diligence castis away the ledder.*)

DILIGENCE.

Loup now, gif thou list; for thou hes lost the ledder. — Now you may jump down.

PAVPER.

It is, full weil, thy kind to loup and licht in a ledder. — Jumping into a halter is

Thou sal be faine to fetch agane ȝe ledder, or I loup. — like you.

I sall sit heir, into this tcheir, till I haue tunde the stoup. — I will sit here till I have emptied the pitcher.

(*Heir sall the Carle loup aff the scaffald.*)

Swyith! begger! bogill! haist the away! — Go! Don't spoil

Thow art over pert to spill our play. — our play.

PAVPER.

I wil not gif, for al ȝour play, worth an sowis fart; — Bother your play!

For thair is richt lytill play at my hungrie hart. — I am hungry.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat Devill ails this cruckit carle? — What ails the fellow?

PAVPER.

Marie! Meikill sorrow. — I am in great grief. I can

I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg, nor to borrow. — neither beg nor borrow.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair deuill is this thou dwels? Or quhats thy intent? — Where do you live? And what do you want?

PAVPER.

I dwell into Lawthiane, ane myle fra Tranent. — I live in Lothian, near Tranent.

DILIGENCE.

Where would you go, really?

Quhair wald thou be, carle? The suth to me schaw.

PAVPER.

To S. Andrews, for justice.

Sir, evin to Sanct-Androes, for to seik law.

DILIGENCE.

Edinburgh is the place for that.

For to seik law, in Edinburgh was the neirest way.

PAVPER.

I could get none there, Devil take the crew!

Sir, I socht law thair this monie deir day;
Bot I culd get nane at Sessioun nor Seinȝe:
Thairfoir, the mekill din Deuill droun all the meinȝe!

DILIGENCE.

Explain to me, in full, how you have come to this condition.

Shaw me thy mater, man, with al the circumstances,
How that thou hes happinit on thir vnhappie chances.

PAVPER.

I will declare the black truth.

Gude-man, will ȝe gif me ȝour Charitie,
And I sall declair ȝow the black veritie.

My father was eighty and more; my mother, ninety-five.

My father was ane auld man, and ane hoir,
And was of age fourscoir of ȝeirs and moir;
And Mald, my mother, was fourscoir and fyfteine;

I supported them.

And with my labour I did thame baith susteine.

We had a mare that foaled yearly; and three cows, of the best.

Wee had ane Meir, that caryit salt and ceill;
And everie ilk ȝeir scho brocht vs hame ane foill.
Wee had thrie ky, that was baith fat and fair,—
Nane tydier into the toun of Air.

My father died; and my mother mourned bitterly.

My father was sa waik of blude and bane,
That he deit; quhairfoir my mother maid great maine.

Then scho deit, within ane day or two ; Then she died,
And thair began my povertie and wo. to my misery.
Our gude gray Meir was baittand on the feild ; The mare went
And our Lands laird tuik hir for his hyreild. for heriot.
The Vickar tuik the best Cow be the head, The vicar took
Incontinent, quhen my father was deid ; one cow, on my
And, quhen the Vickar hard tel how that my father's death,
mother and another, on
Was dead, fra-hand he tuke to him ane vther. my mother's.
Then Meg, my wife, did murne, both evin & Next, Meg, my
morow, wife, grieved
Till, at the last, scho deit for verie sorow. to death ;
And, quhen the Vickar hard tell my wyfe was and then the
dead, vicar took the
The thrid Cow he cleikit be the head. third cow.
Thair vmest clayis, that was of rapploch gray, The vicar's clerk,
The Vickar gart his Clark bear them away. too, got spoil.
Quhen all was gaine, I micht mak na debeat, At this I was
Bot, with my bairns, past for till beg my meat. driven to beg.
Now haue I tald 3ow the blak veritie, Thus, in truth,
How I am brocht into this miserie. was I brought to this.

DILIGENCE.

How did 3e person ? Was he not thy gude freind ? But the parson was your friend ?

PAVPER.

The devil stick him ! He curst me for my teind, He excommuni-
And halds me 3it vnder that same proces, cated me for not
That gart me want the Sacrament at Pasche. paying my tithes.
In gude faith, sir, thocht he wald cut my throt, I have only a
I haue na geir except ane Inglis grot, great left, with
Quhilk I purpois to gif ane man of law. which I mean to fee a lawyer.

DILIGENCE.

Thou art the daftest fuill that ever I saw. You are a great
Trows thou, man, be the law to get remeid fool, if you hope
Of men of kirk ? Na, nocht till thou be deid. to get anything from priests by law.

PAVPER.

By what law may a vicar take three cows from me?

Sir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir, or quhy,
That ane Vickar sould tak fra me thrie ky.

DILIGENCE.

Use in law enough for such.

Thay haue na law exceptand consuetude,
Quhilk law, to them, is sufficient and gude. ...

PAVPER.

Such use should not be law.

Ane consuetude against the common weill
Sould be na law, I think, be sweit Sanct Geill!

And where is a law to be found, to rob me of three cows?

Quhair will ȝe find that law, tell, gif ȝe can,
To tak thrie ky fra ane pure husband man;
Ane for my father, and for my wyfe ane vther,
And the thrid Cow he tuke fra Mald, my mother.

DILIGENCE.

This is priests' law.

It is thair law, all that thay haue in vse,
Thocht it be Cow, Sow, Ganer, Gryse, or Guse.

PAVPER.

Certain prelates of these parts are in use to make free with womankind.

Sir, I wald speir at ȝow ane questioun.
Behauld sum Prelats of this Regioun:
Manifestlie, during thair lustie lyfis,
Thay swyfe Ladies, Madinis, and vther mens wyfis;
And sa thair cunts thay haue in consuetude.

Is this law bad, or good?

Quhidder say ȝe that law is evill, or gude?

DILIGENCE.

Be quiet! You must be mad.

Hald thy toung, man! It seims that thou war mangit.

There is peril in speaking thus of priests.

Speik thou of Preists, but doubt thou will be hangit.

PAVPER.

Perils I heed nothing.

Be him that buir the cruell Croun of thorne!
I cair nocht to be hangit evin the morne.

DILIGENCE.

Be sure, of Preistis thou will get na support. — Priests will not help you.

PAVPER.

Gif that be trew, the feind resaue the sort! — The Fiend take them, then! And
Sa, sen I se I get na vther grace, — I will lie down
I will ly doun, and rest mee in this place. — and rest me.

(Pauper lyis doun in the feild. Pardoner enters.)

PARDONER.

Bona dies! Bona dies! — Good day!
Devoit peopill, gude day I say ȝow. — Devout people,
Now tarie ane lytill quhyll, I pray ȝow, — stay and learn
Till I be with ȝow knawin. — who I am.
Wait ȝe weill how I am namit? — I am very respectable,
Ane nobill man, and vndefamit, — if the truth
Gif all the suith war schawin. — were known.
I am sir Robert Rome-raker, — I am a pardoner,
Ane perfite publike pardoner, — highly re-
Admittit be the Paip. — commended.
Sirs, I sall schaw ȝow, for my wage, — You shall have
My pardons and my pilgramage, — proof of my wares
Quhilk ȝe sall se and graip. — and merit.
I giue to the deuill, with gude intent, — The Devil take
This vnsell wickit New-testament, — the New Testa-
With them that it translaitit. — ment and its translators!
Sen layik men knew the veritie, — Among laymen
Pardoners gets no charitie, — pardoners now
Without that thay debait it — meet with no success,
Amang the wiues, with wrinks and wyles, — and have to
As all my marrowis men begyles — confine them-
With our fair fals flattrie. — selves to female clients.
ȝea, all the crafts I ken perqueir, — I am an adept,
As I was teichit be ane Freir — taught by
Callit Hypocrisie. — Friar Hypocrisy.
Bot now, allace! our greit abusioun — But now, alas!

it is hard times with us.

Is cleirlie knawin, till our confusioun,
That we may sair repent.

My credit is spoilt by knowledge of the New Testament.

Of all credence now I am quyte;
For ilk man halds me at dispyte,
That reids the New-test'ment.

Renewed cursing.

Duill fell the braine that hes it wrocht!
Sa fall them that the Buik hame brocht!

Would that Luther and the rest had been smothered by their chrisom-cloths!

Als, I pray to the Rude,
That Martin Luther, that fals loun,
Black Bullinger, and Melancthoun
Had bene smorde in their cude.

As to S. Paul, I wish he had never been born; and I wish his books were kept out of sight, or else torn up.

Be him that buir the crowne of thorne!
I wald Sanct Paull had neuer bene borne;
And, als, I wald his buiks
War never red into the kirk,
Bot amangs freirs, into the mirk,
Or riuen amang ruiks.

(*Heir sall he lay doun his geir vpon ane buird, and say:*)

Come and see my patent pardons.

My patent pardouns ȝe may se,
Cum fra the Caue of Tartarie,
Weill seald with oster-schellis.

Even without repentance you shall have full pardon.

Thocht ȝe haue na contritioun,
ȝe sall haue full remissioun,
With help of Buiks and bellis.

Here is a prime relic of a man; and here is one of a peccant beast.

Heir is ane relict, lang and braid,
Of Fine Macoull the richt chaft blaid,
With teith and al togidder.
Of Collings cow heir is ane horne;
For eating of Makconnals corne,
Was slaine into Baquhidder.

Here, too, is the cord that throttled John Armstrong: whoso is hanged with it need never be drowned.

Heir is ane coird, baith great and lang,—
Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang,—
Of gude hemp, soft and sound.
Gude, halie peopill, I stand for'd,
Quha ever beis hangit with this cord
Neids never to be dround.

The culum of Sanct Bryds kow ; — See S. Bride's cow's tail, and S. Antony's sow's snout.
The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow,
Quhilk buir his haly bell.
Quhaever he be heiris this bell clinck,— — He who hears this bell—I wager a ducat,—will never go to hell, unless born of Belial.
Gif me ane ducat for till drink,—
He sall never gang to hell,
Without he be of Baliell borne.
Maisters, trow ȝe that this be scorne? — Have a pardon.
Cum, win this pardoun: cum.
Quha luifis thair wyfis nocht with thair hart, — I can part ill-assorted couples.
I haue power them for till part.
Me think ȝow deif and dum. — If any of you has a troublesome wife, I can relieve him of her, though he may be in the wrong and may lie.
Hes naine of ȝow curst wickit wyfis,
That halds ȝow into sturt and stryfis?
Cum, tak my dispensatioun.
Of that cummer I sall mak ȝow quyte,
Howbeit ȝour selfis be in the wyte,
And mak ane fals narratioun.
Cum, win the pardoun,—how let se,— — I take anything in payment.
For meill, for malt, or for monie,
For cok, hen, guse, or gryse.
Of relicts heir I haue ane hunder. — My relics
Quhy cum ȝe nocht? This is ane wonder. — you are fools to despise.
I trow ȝe be nocht wyse.

SOWTAR.

Welcum hame, Robert Rome-raker, — Welcome home, pardoner!
Our halie, patent pardoner!
Gif ȝe haue dispensatioun — If you can separate me and my wicked wife, I pray you to help me.
To pairt me and my wickit wyfe,
And me deliver from sturt and stryfe,
I mak ȝow supplicatioun.

PARDONER.

I sall ȝow pairt but mair demand, — I will do it for money.
Sa I get mony in my hand.
Thairfoir, let se sum cunȝe. — Show your coin.

SOWTAR.

I have only five shillings; but they shall be yours.

I haue na silver,—be my lyfe!—
Bot fyue schillings, and my schaipping knyfe.
That sall ȝe haue, but sunȝe.

PARDONER.

What is your wife like?

Quhat kynd of woman is thy wyfe?

SOWTAR.

Quarrelsome, filthy, violent, altogether disagreeable.

Ane quick Devill, Sir; ane storme of stryfe;
Ane Frog that fyles the winde;
Ane fistand flag; a flagartie fuffe:
At ilk ane pant scho lets ane puffe,
And hes na ho behind.

She vexes me all day, and scolds my sleep away.

All the lang day scho me dispyts;
And all the nicht scho flings and flyts,
Thus sleip I never ane wink.

The Devil himself could not abide the horror.

That Cockatrice, that commoun huir,
The mekill Devill may nocht induir
Hir stuburnnes and stink.

SOWTARS WIFE.

I hear you, thief; and you shall smart, when I lay hold of you.

Theif! carle! thy words I hard rycht weill.
In faith, my freindschip ȝe sall feill,
And I the fang.

SOWTAR.

If I did not praise you, may I swing for it!

Gif I said ocht, Dame,—be the Rude!—
Except ȝe war baith fair and gude,
God! nor I hang!

PARDONER.

Dame, I can part you and him. Do you consent?

Fair dame, gif ȝe wald be ane wower,
To part ȝow twa I haue ane power.
Tell on. Ar ȝe content?

SOWTARS WYFE.

3e, that I am, with all my hart, — Most heartily,
Fra that fals huirsone till depart, — if this thief
Gif this theif will consent. — will.
Causses to part I haue anew ; — I have a
Becaus I gat na chamber-glew. — wife's good
I tell 3ow, verely, — reasons;
I meruell nocht sa mot I lyfe ; — for this drone
Howbeit that swingeour can not swyfe, — is no husband
He is baith cauld and dry. — to poor me.

PARDONER.

Quhat wil 3e gif me, for 3our part? — What will you give?

SOWTARS WYFE.

Ane cuppill of sarks, with all my hart, — Two shifts, of the
The best claith in the land. — best of stuff.

PARDONER.

To part sen 3e ar baith content, — I will separate
I sall 3ow part incontinent : — you, if you do
Bot 3e mon do command. — my bidding.
My will and finall sentence is, — My sentence
Ilk ane of 3ow vthers arsse kis. — is, that you
Slip doun 3our hois. Me thinkis the carle is glaikit. — kiss each other. Dame, do you
Set thou not by, howbeit scho kisse and slaik it. — kiss first.

(*Heir sall scho kis his arsse with silence.*)

Lift vp hir clais : kis hir hoill with 3our hart. — And now kiss her.

SOWTAR.

I pray 3ow, sir, forbid hir for to fart. — But make terms with her.

(*Heir sall the Carle kis hir arsse with silence.*)

PARDONER.

Dame, pas 3e to the east end of the toun ; — Now one will go east, and the
And pas 3e west, evin lyke ane cuckald loun. — other will go west.

Away, both! How glad they are!

Go hence, ȝe baith, with Baliels braid blissing
Schirs, saw ȝe ever mair sorrowles pairting?

(*Heir sall the boy cry aff the hill.*)

WILKIN.

Where are you?

Hoaw! maister, hoaw! quhair ar ȝe now?

PARDONER.

Here, rascal.

I am heir, Wilkin, widdiefow.

WILKIN.

I have obeyed you, and have found a horse-bean on Dame Flesher's dung-hill.

Sir, I haue done ȝour bidding;
For I haue fund ane great hors-bane—
Ane fairer saw ȝe never nane,—
Vpon Dame Fleschers midding.

You may persuade the women it is good against fever.

Sir, ȝe may gar the wyfis trow
It is ane bane of Sanct Bryds cow,
Gude for the feuer quartane.

Be wary, now, and you will have them at your will, far and near.

Sir, will ȝe reull this relict weill,
All the wyfis will baith kis and kneill,
Betuixt this and Dumbartane.

PARDONER.

What is said of me?

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

WILKIN.

Your reputation is very good with a few, but exceedingly bad with the majority.

Sum sayis ȝe ar ane verie loun;
Sum sayis Legatus natus;
Sum sayis ȝ'ar ane fals Saracene;
And sum sayis ȝe ar, for certaine,
Diabolus incarnatus.

Keep out of the power of King Correction, however; or, being what you are, you will assuredly be hanged.

Bot keip ȝow fra subiectioun
Of the curst King Correctioun;
For, be ȝe with him fangit,
Becaus ȝe ar ane Rome-raker,
Ane commoun, publick cawsay-paker,
But doubt ȝe will be hangit.

PARDONER.

Quhair sall I ludge into the toun? — Where shall I lodge?

WILKIN.

With gude, kynde Christiane Anderson, — Christiane Anderson will treat
Quhair ȝe will be weill treatit. — you well,
Gif ony limmer ȝow demands, — and will defend
Scho will defend ȝow with hir hands, — you as a
And womanlie debait it. — woman can.
Bawburdie says, be the Trinitie! — Bawburdie says
That scho sall beir ȝow cumpanie, — she will bear you company, though
Howbeit ȝe byde ane ȝeir. — you stay a year.

PARDONER.

Thou hes done weill, be Gods mother! — Well done!
Tak ȝe the taine, and I the t'other; — Each taking one, we shall
Sa sall we mak greit cheir. — fare bravely.

WILKIN.

I reid ȝow, speid ȝow heir, — Don't delay
And mak na langer tarie. — any longer;
Byde ȝe lang thair, but weir — or it will not
I dreid ȝour weird ȝow warie. — be good for you.

(*Heir sall Pauper rise and rax him.*)

PAVPER.

Quhat thing was ȝon that I hard crak & cry? — I have been dreaming of
I haue bene dreamand and dreueland of my ky. — my cow.
With my richt hand my haill bodie I saine: — Send her to
Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, send me my ky againe! — me, S. Bride!
I se standand ȝonder ane halie man: — Can yonder holy
To mak me help let me se gif he can. — man help me?
Halie maister, God speid ȝow! and gude morne! — Good morrow! sir.

PARDONER.

Welcum to me, thocht thou war at the horne. — Welcome!
Cum, win the pardoun; and syne I sall the saine. — Have a pardon.

PAVPER.

Will it restore my cow?

Wil that pardoun get me my ky againe?

PARDONER.

I ask if you will have a pardon.

Carle, of thy ky I haue nathing ado.
Cum̃, win my pardon; and kis my relicts, to.

(*Heir sall he saine him with his reliclis.*)

Untie your purse, and have a pardon.

Now lows thy pursse, & lay doun thy offrand,
And thou sall haue my pardon, euin fra hand.

I can bless away all your ailments.

With raipis and relicts I sall the saine againe;
Of Gut or grauell thou sall neuer haue paine.

Have a pardon.

Now win the pardon, limmer; or thou art lost.

PAVPER.

What will it cost?

My haly father, quhat wil that pardon cost?

PARDONER.

What money have you?

Let se quhat mony thou bearest in thy bag.

PAVPER.

A groat.

I haue ane grot heir, bund into ane rag.

PARDONER.

No more silver?

Hes thou na vther siluer bot ane groat?

PAVPER.

Search me.

Gif I haue mair, sir, cum and rype my coat.

PARDONER.

Give me that, then.

Gif me that grot, man, gif thou hest na mair.

PAVPER.

I will. And now for the pardon.

With all my heart, maister. Lo! tak it thair.
Now let me se ȝour pardon, with ȝour leif.

PARDONER.

I pardon you for a thousand years.

Ane thousand ȝeir of pardons I the geif.

PAVPER.

Ane thousand ȝeir? I will not liue sa lang, I shan't live so long. Give me the pardon.
Delyuer me it, maister, and let me gang.

PARDONER.

Ane thousand ȝeir I lay vpon thy head, For a thousand years. And now enough!
With totiens quotiens. Now mak me na mair plead.
Thou hast resaifit thy pardon now already.

PAVPER.

Bot I can se na thing, sir, be our Lady! I see nothing;
Forsuith, maister, I trow I be not wyse, money gone,
To pay ere I haue sene my marchandryse. and no wares,
That ȝe haue gottin my groat full sair I rew. to my grief!
Sir, quhidder is ȝour pardon black, or blew? Show me what
Maister, sen ȝe haue taine fra me my cunȝie, you give me
My marchandryse schaw me, withouttin sunȝie; for my coin;
Or to the Bischop I sall pas, and pleinȝie or I will com-
In Sanct-Androis, & summond ȝow to the Scinȝie. plain of you.

PARDONER.

Quhat craifis the carle? Me thinks thou art not wise. The fellow must be silly.

PAVPER.

I craif my groat, or ellis my marchandrise. My groat, or something for it.

PARDONER.

I gaif the pardon for ane thowsand ȝeir. I pardoned you for a thousand years.

PAVPER.

How sall I get that pardon, let me heir. How shall I get the pardon?

PARDONER.

Stand still, and I sall tell the haill storie. When you die, and go to Purgatory,
Quhen thow art deid, and gais to Purgatorie,

to be tormented a thousand yeare, the pardon will relieve you.

Being condempit to paine a thowsand 3eir,
Then sall thy pardoun the releif, but weir.
Now be content. 3e ar ane mervelous man.

PAVPER.

Shall I get nothing the while?

Sall I get nathing for my grot quhill than?

PARDONER.

No, to be plain.

That sall thou not, I mak it to 3ow plaine.

PAVPER.

Then give me back my groat;

for you don't bargain fairly.

When I die, I must go to Purgatory.

But tell me where I shall find you.

In hell, where you can't help yourself.

Before you helped me, I should get scorched.

Do you think I will buy blind lambs?

Give me back my groat.

Na? Than, gossop, gif me my grot againe.
Quhat say 3e, maisters? Call 3e this gude resoun,
That he sould promeis me ane gay pardoun,
And he resaue my money in his stead,
Syne mak me na payment till I be dead?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full sikkerlie,
My sillie saull will pas to Purgatorie.
Declair me this:—Now God nor Baliell bind the!—
Quhen I am thair, curst carle, quhair sall I find the?
Not into heavin, bot, rather, into hell.
Quhen *thou* are thair, thou can not help thy sel.
Quhen will thou cum my dolours till abait,
Or I the find, my hippis will get ane hait.
Trowis thou, butchour, that I will by blind lambis?
Gif me my grot. The devill dryte in thy gambis!

PARDONER.

He must be mad.

You don't get your groat again.

Suyith! stand abak! I trow this man be mangit.
Thou gets not this, carle, thocht *thou* suld be hangit.

PAVPER.

Gif me my grot, weill bund into ane clout;
Or, be Gods breid! Robin sall beir ane rout.

Give me my groat; or you shall be thrashed.

(*Heir sal thay fecht with silence; and Pauper sal cast doun the buird, und cast the relicts in the water.*)

DILIGENCE.

Quhat kind of daffing is this al day?
Suyith! smaiks, out of the feild! away!
Into ane presoun put them sone;
Syne hang them, quhen the play is done.

What fooling is this? Away!
Shut them up; and hang them, when the play is over.

(*Heir sall Diligence mak his proclamatioun.*)

Famous peopill, tak tent, and ȝe sall se
The thrie estaits of this natioun
Cum to the Court, with ane strange gravitie.
Thairfoir, I mak ȝow supplicatioun,
Till ȝe haue heard our haill narratioun,
To keip silence and be patient, I pray ȝow.
Howbeit we speik be adulatioun,
Wee sall say nathing bot the suith, I say ȝow.
Gude, verteous men, that luifis the veritie,
I wait thay will excuse our negligence.
Bot vicious men, denude of charitie,
As feinȝeit, fals, flattrand Saracens,
Howbeit thay cry on vs ane loud vengence,
And of our pastyme mak ane fals report,
Quhat may wee do bot tak in patience,
And vs refer vnto the faithfull sort?
Our Lord Jesus, Peter, nor Paull
Culd nocht compleis the peopill all;
Bot sum war miscontent.
Howbeit thay schew the veritie,
Sum said that it war heresie,
Be thair maist fals iudgement.

The three Estates are coming to Court, with strange gravity.
Be silent, then,
I pray you, till
I have told all.
I shall speak
the truth only.
The virtuous will make allowance.
As to the vicious, uncharitable, they will cry vengeance on us: but we must have patience, and refer ourselves to the faithful.
Even Christ and the Saints could not please all.
Though they showed the truth, some denounced it.

(*Heir sall the thrie estaits cum fra the palȝeoun, gangand backwart, led be thair tyces.*)

WANTONNES.

What is that I see? Look, Solace!

Now, braid benedicite!
Quhat thing is ȝon that I se?
Luke, Solace, my hart!

SOLACE.

What think you?

Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow?

The three Estates, marching backwards.

ȝon ar the thrie estaits, I trow,
Gangand backwart.

WANTONNES.

Backwards?

Backwart, backwart? Out! Wallaway!

It is a shame they should march so.

It is greit schame for them, I say,
Backwart to gang.

Correction must soon effect a reform.

I trow the King Correctioun
Man mak ane reformatioun,
Or it be lang.

Let us tell the King.

Now let vs go and tell the King.

(*Pausa.*)

Sire, we have seen a strange thing,—

Sir, wee haue sene ane mervelous thing,
Be our iudgement:

the three Estates proceeding to Parliament backwards.

The thrie estaits of this Regioun
Ar cummand backwart, throw this toun,
To the Parlament.

REX HVMANITAS.

Indeed?

Backwart, backwart? How may that be?

Send them to me, lest they go wrong.

Gar speid them haistelie to me,
In dreid that thay ga wrang.

PLACEBO.

They will get here as fast as their speed will let them.

Sir, I se them ȝonder cummand.
Thay will be heir evin fra hand,
Als fast as thay may gang.

GVDE-COUNSELL.

Sir, hald 3ou stil, & skar them nocht,
Till 3e persaue quhat be thair throcht,
And se quhat men them leids;
And let the King Correctioun
Mak ane scharp inquisitioun,
And mark them be the heids.
Quhen 3e ken the occasioun
That maks them sic persuasioun,
3e may expell the caus;
Syne, them reformo, as 3e think best,
Sua that the Realme may liue in rest,
According to Gods lawis.

Don't alarm them, till we learn their intent and their leaders; and let King Correction observe them narrowly. First, we must find out the cause of this procedure; and then they may be reformed, and the realm may live in peace.

(*Heir sall the thrie estaits cum, and turne thair faces to the King.*)

SPIRITVALITIE.

Gloir, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie
Be to 3our michtie prudent excellence!
Heir ar we cum, all the estaits thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience,
At 3our command, with humbill observance,
As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
With counsell of the Temporalitie.

All hail to your Excellency! We come to make our obedience, at your command, with advice of the Temporalty.

TEMPORALITIE.

Sir, we, with michtie curage, at command
Of 3our superexcellent Maiestie,
Sall mak seruice baith with our hart and hand,
And sall not dreid in thy defence to die.
Wee ar content, but doubt, that wee may se
That nobill, heavinlie King Correctioun,
Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Sire, at your command, we will make service, even with our lives. King Correction is welcome, so he punish with mercy.

MERCHAND.

Sir, we ar heir, 3our Burgessis and Merchands.
Thanks be to God that we may se 3our face,

We, burgesses and merchants, welcome you,

hoping for your support, and for quiet.

Traistand wee may, now, into divers lands
Convoy our geir, with support of 3our grace;
For now, I traist, wee sall get rest and peace.

Misdoers removed, merchants may live.

Quhen misdoars ar with 3our sword overthrawin,
Then may leil merchands liue vpon thair awin.

REX HVMANITAS.

We welcome our Estates.

Welcum to me, my prudent Lords, all!
3e ar my members, suppois I be 3our head.

We will take steps against offenders; and, with all equity, we will use the sword in punishment.

Sit doun, that we may, with 3our iust counsall,
Aganis misdoars find soveraine remeid.
Wee sall nocht spair, for fauour nor for feid,
With 3our avice, to mak punitioun,
And put my sword to executioun.

CORRECTIOVN.

My friends, I would ask one thing.

My tender freinds, I pray 3ow, with my hart,
Declair to me the thing that I wald speir.

I wish to know the real cause of your marching backwards.

Quhat is the caus that 3e gang, all, backwart?
The veritie thairof faine wald I heir.

SPIRITVALITIE.

We have gone so for many a year; and, whatever you think, we find it most agreeable.

Soveraine, we haue gaine sa this mony a 3eir.
Howbeit 3e think we go vndecently,
Wee think wee gang richt wonder pleasantly.

DILIGENCE.

Sit down, my Lords, and let the King consider.

Sit doun, my Lords, into 3our proper places;
Syne, let the King consider all sic caces.

The rest, too, may be seated; and the Court will be opened.

Sit doun, sir scribe, and sit doun, dampster, to;
And fence the Court, as 3e war wont to do.

(*Thay ar set doun; & Gud-Counsell sal pas to his seat.*)

REX HVMANITAS.

My Lords, we specially wish

My prudent Lords of the thrie estaits,
It is our will, abuife all vther thing,

For to reforme all them that maks debaits — to take order for
Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling, — the better ruling
And thay that dois the Common-weil doun thring. — of the common-wealth.
With help and counsell of King Correctioun, — King Correction
It is our will for to mak punisching, — aiding us, we will do away
And plaine oppressours put to subiectioun. — with oppression.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Quhat thing is this, sir, that ȝe haue devysit? — You must
Schirs, ȝe haue neid for till be weill advysit. — be cautious.
Be nocht haistie into ȝour execution; — Avoid haste
And be nocht ouir extreime in ȝour punitioun: — and severity.
And, gif ȝe please to do, sir, as wee say, — We counsel
Postpone this Parlament till ane vther day. — adjournment;
For quhy the peopill of this Regioun — for the people cannot endure extreme correction.
May nocht indure extreme correctioun.

CORRECTIOVN.

Is this the part, my Lords, that ȝe will tak — Do you thus further our reform?
To mak vs supportatioun to correct?
It dois appeir that ȝe ar culpabill, — You must, indeed,
That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill. — be in fault.
Suyith! Diligence. Ga schaw it is our will — Diligence, let all complain that would.
That everilk man opprest geif in his Bill.

DILIGENCE.

All maneir of men I wairne, that be opprest, — All shall have justice, if they apply for it;
Cum and complaine, and thay salbe redrest;
For quhy it is the nobill Princes will, — and such is the
That ilk compleiner sall gif in his Bill. — will of the Prince.

IOHNE THE COMMON-WEILL.

Out of my gait! For Gods saik, let me ga! — Stand aside!
Tell me againe, gude maister, quhat ȝe say. — Repeat that.

DILIGENCE.

All that suffer wrong shall get their due.

I warne al that be wrangouslie offendit,
Cum and complaine, and thay sall be amendit.

IOHNE.

I am rejoiced to hear this.

Thankit be Christ, *that* buir the croun of thorne!
For I was never sa blyth sen I was borne.

DILIGENCE.

Your name?

Quhat is thy name, fallow? That wald I feil.

IOHNE.

John the Commonwealth. And where is this new-come king?

Forsuith, thay call me Iohne the co*m*mon-weil.
Gude maister, I wald speir at 3ou ane thing:
Quhair traist 3e I sall find 3on new-cumde King?

DILIGENCE.

I will present you.

Cum over, and I sall schaw the to his grace.

IOHNE.

God bless his face! Let me see if I can run.

Gods bennesone licht ðn that luckie face!
Stand by the gait: let se gif I can loup.
I man rin fast, in cace I get ane coup.

(*Heir sall Iohne loup the stank, or els fall in it.*)

DILIGENCE.

You are too slow.

Speid the away. Thou taryis all to lang.

IOHNE.

I can go no faster.

Now be this day I may na faster gang.

IOHNE TO THE KING.

God save both Your Graces!

Gude day, gud day! Grit God saif baith 3our graces!

Bless their fine faces!

Wallie, wallie fall thay twa weill-fairde faces!

REX HVMANITAS.

Your name, good man?

Shaw me thy name, gude man, I the command.

IOHNE.

Marie! Iohne, the common-weil of fair Scotland. — John the Commonwealth.

REX HVMANITAS.

The commoun-weill hes bene amang his fais. — The Commonwealth was among his enemies.

IOHNE.

3e, sir. That gars the commoun-weil want clais. — So he had no clothes.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat is the caus the common-weil is crukit? — Why is the Commonwealth lame?

IOHNE.

Becaus the common-weill hes bene overlukit. — From being neglected.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat gars the luke sa with ane dreirie hart? — Why look you so sad?

IOHNE.

Becaus the thrie estaits gangs, all, backwart. — Because the three Estates go backwards.

REX HVMANITAS.

Sir common-weill, knaw 3e the limmers that them leids? — Do you know the rogues that lead them?

IOHNE.

Thair canker cullours, I ken them be the heads. — I know them,—
As for our reverent fathers of Spiritualitie, — the leaders of the
Thay ar led be Couetice and cairles Sensualitie; — Spirituality,
And, as 3e se, Temporalitie hes neid of correctioun, — and also the
Quhilk hes, lang tyme, bene led be publick oppressioun. — leader of the Temporalty.
Loe, quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his back! — For him a
Get vp! I think to se thy craig gar ane raip crack. — rope were fit.
Loe! heir is Falset and Dissait, weill I ken, — And I know
Leiders of the merchants and sillie crafts-men. — others' leaders.
Quhat mervell thocht the thrie estaits backwart gang, — What wonder, if the three Estates march

backwards, and that I, for my part, want warm clothes!
Quhen sic an vyle cumpanie dwels them amang,
Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis,
Quhilk gars Iohn the common-weil want his warme clais!

Reform them; or else I must beg.
Sir, call them befoir 3ow, and put them in ordour;
Or els Iohn the common-weil man beg on the bordour.

As to Flattery,— who defrauded us,— and Falsehood and Deceit, I curse them.
Thou fein3eit Flattrie, the feind fart in thy face!
Quhen 3e was guyder of the Court, we gat litill grace.
Ryse vp, Falset and Dissait, without ony sun3e.
I pray God, nor the devils dame dryte on thy grun3e!

Much harm has been wrought.
Behauld as the loun lukis evin lyke a thief.
Monie wicht warkman thou brocht to mischief.

Lord Correction, I pray you to excommunicate all three.
My soveraine, Lord Correctioun, I mak 3ow supplication,
Put thir tryit truikers from Christis congregation.

CORRECTIOUN.

Be it so.
As 3e haue devysit, but doubt it salbe done.

Serjeants, imprison these thieves. Hanging would be none too much for them.
Cum heir, my Sergeants, and do 3our debt sone.
Put thir thrie pellours into pressoun strang.
Howbeit 3e sould hang them, 3e do them na wrang.

FIRST SERGEANT.

We obey.
Soverane Lords, wee sall obey 3our commands.

Help, brother! Get up, you vile-looking miscreant!
Brother, vpon thir limmers lay on thy hands.
Ryse vp sone, loun! Thou luiks evin lyke ane lurden.
3our mouth war meit to drink an wesche iurden.

SECVND SERGEANT.

You shall repent your past life.
Cum heir, gossop; cum heir, cum heir.
3our rackles lyfe 3e sall repent.

Quhen was ȝe wont to be sa sweir? — Lazy now?
Stand still, and be obedient. — Obey me.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thair is nocht, in all this toun,— — Confidentially,
Bot I wald nocht this taill war tald,— — I would hang
Bot I wald hang him for his goun, — any one here, high or low,
Quhidder that it war Laird or laid. — for his gown.
I trow this pellour be spur-gaid. — Mind what I say,
Put in thy hand into this cord. — you spur-galled,
Howbeit I se thy skap skyre skaid, — scabby stinkard.
Thou art ane stewat, I stand foird.

(*Heir sall the vycis be led to the stocks.*)

SECVND SERGEANT.

Put in ȝour leggis into the stocks; — The stocks
For ȝe had never ane meiter hois. — fit you well.
Thir stewats stinks as thay war Broks. — What nowegays?
Now ar ȝe sikker, I suppois. — Now you are safe.

(*Pausa.*)

My Lords, wee haue done ȝour commands. — Shall we shut up
Sall wee put Covetice in captivitie? — Covetousness?

CORRECTIOVN.

ȝe: hardlie lay on them ȝour hands; — Just so; and
Rycht sa, vpon Sensualitie. — Sensuality.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Thir is my Grainter and my Chalmerlaine, — These are my
And hes my gould and geir vnder thair cuiris. — general wardens.
I mak ane vow to God, I sall complaine — I will complain
Vnto the Paip how ȝe do me iniuris. — to the Pope.

COVETICE.

My reverent fathers, tak in patience. — Fathers, I will
I sall nocht lang remaine from ȝour presence. — soon return.

Meanwhile my spirit remains with you;
Thocht for ane quhyll I man from 3ow depairt,
I wait my spreit sall remaine in 3our hart;
and, Correction gone, we shall both come back.
And, quhen this King Correctioun beis absent,
Then sall we twa returne incontinent.
Adieu!
Thairfoir, adew!

SPIRITVALITIE.

Adieu! We assort naturally.
Adew! be Sanct Mavene!
Pas quhair 3e will, we ar twa naturall men.

SENSVALITIE.

Adieu!
Adew! my Lord.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Adieu! Alas that we must part!
Adew! my awin sweit hart.
Now duill fell me, that wee twa man depart.

SENSVALITIE.

I trust we shall soon come together again.
My Lord, howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I traist in God we sal meit sone agane.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Hasten back. You are indispensable.
To cum againe, I pray 3ow, do 3our cure.
Want I 3ow twa, I may nocht lang indure.

(*Heir sal the Sergeants chase them away; and they sal gang to the seat of Sensualitie.*)

TEMPORALITIE.

The Estates should strive for Commonwealth.
My Lords, 3e knaw the thrie estaits
For Common-weill suld mak debaits.
So let us concert to this end, conforming to the common law,
Let, now, amang vs, be devysit
Sic actis that with gude men be praysit,
Conforming to the common law;
For of na man we sould stand aw.
and using the aid of Good Counsel] versed in the canon law and the civil.
And, for till saif vs fra murmell,
Schone, Diligence, fetch vs Gude-counsell;
For quhy he is ane man that knawis
Baith the Cannon and Civill lawis.

DILIGENCE.

Father, ȝe man, incontinent,
Passe to the Lords of Parliament;
For quhy thay ar determinat, all,
To do na thing by ȝour counsall.

You must at once pass to the Lords of Parliament, who will do nothing without you.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

That sal I do within schort ſpace;
Praying the Lord to send vs grace
For till conclude, or wee depart,
That thay may profeit efterwart.
Baith to the Kirk and to the King
I sall desyre na vther thing.

Softly! May we arrange all, before we separate! Heartily I desire this.

(*Pausa.*)

My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie!
Quhat is the caus ȝe send for me?

Why do you send for me?

MERCHAND.

Sit doun, and gif vs ȝour counsell,
How we sall slaik the greit murmell
Of pure peopill, that is weill knawin,
And as the Common-weill hes schawin.
And, als, wee knaw it is the Kings will,
That gude remeid be put thairtill.
Sir Common-weill, keip ȝe the bar:
Let nane except ȝour self cum nar.

Sit down, and tell us how the murmurs of the poor are to be stilled. The King is concerned about this. Commonwealth, keep out intruders.

IOHNE.

That sall I do as I best can:
I sall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
ȝe man let this puir creature
Support me for till keip the dure.
I knaw his name full sickerly:
He will complaine, als weill as I.

As well as I am able. But this poor creature must help. I know him; and he has complaints to make.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

While busied with reform,—
My worthy Lords, sen ȝe haue taine on hand
Sum reformatioun to mak into this land,—
seconded by the King,—
And als ȝe knaw it is the Kings mynd,
Quha till the Common-weil hes, ay, bene kynd,—
you must not only punish robbery.
Thocht reif and thift wer stanchit weill aneuch,
ȝit sumthing mair belangis to the pleuch.
In peace you should provide against war,
Now, into peace, ȝe sould provyde for weirs,
And be sure of how mony thowsand speirs
The King may be, quhen he hes ocht ado;
and not as before, but regular men-at-arms.
For quhy, my Lords, this is my ressoun, to:
The husband-men and commons thay war wont
Go, in the battell, formest in the front.
You must be more alert.
Bot I haue tint all my experience,
Without ȝe mak sum better diligence,
The Common-wealth must be more honoured.
The Common-weill mon vther wayis be styllit;
Or, be my faith! the King willbe begyllit.
The Commons daily grow poorer.
Thir pure commouns, daylie, as ȝe may se,
Declynis doun till extreme povertie;
Their rents keep them starved.
For sum ar hichtit sa into thair maill,
Thair winning will nocht find them water-kaill.
Tithes to the Prelates grieve the husbandmen.
How Prelats heichts thair teinds, it is well knawin,
That husband-men may not weill hald thair awin.
Gentle folk, too, increase their grievance.
And now begins ane plague amang them, new,
That gentill men thair steadings taks in few:
Thus man thay pay great ferme, or lay thair steid.
They will be ruined, but for God's pity.
And sum ar plainlie harlit out be the heid,
And ar distroyit, without God on them rew.

PAVPER.

This is true.
Sir, be Gods breid! that taill is verie trew.
I had cattle and horses; now, my clothes only.
It is weill kend, I had baith nolt and hors;
Now, all my geir ȝe se vpon my cors.

CORRECTIOVN.

I will mend matters, before I go.
Or I depairt, I think to mak ane ordour.

IOHNE.

I pray 3ow, sir, begin, first, at the bordour, — Begin at the border; for how can we defend ourselves against England, if we cannot root out our own thieves?
For how can we fend vs aganis Ingland,
Quhen we can nocht, within our natiue Land,
Destroy our awin Scots common trator theifis,
Quha to leill laborers daylie dois mischeifis?
War I ane King, my Lord, be Gods wounds! — Were I a king, all chieftains that harboured common thieves should be hanged.
Quhaever held common theifis within thair bounds,—
Quhairthrow that, dayly, leil men micht be wrangit,—
Without remeid thair chiftanis suld be hangit.
Quhidder he war ane knicht, ane Lord, or Laird, — I would not spare the noblest.
The Devill draw me to hell, and he war spaird.

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhat vther enemies hes thou, let vs ken. — What other enemies have you?

IOHNE.

Sir, I compleine vpon the idill men; — The idle; for all Christians should earn their living.
For quhy, sir, it is Gods awin bidding,
All Christian men to wirk for thair living.
Sanct Paull, that pillar of the Kirk, — S. Paul says, with reference to such as will not work, and are averse from virtue: 'No labour, no meat.'
Sayis to the wretchis that will not wirk,
And bene to vertews laith,
Qui non laborat non manducet,
This is, in Inglische toung or leit:
Quha labouris nocht he sall not eit.
This bene against the strang beggers, — This, of beggars and the like.
Fidlers, pypers, and pardoners.
Thir Iugglars, Iestars, and idill cuitchours, — Jugglers, jesters, idle gamblers, and people of this sort are a useless expense, and of no sort of profit,
Thir carriers, and thir quintacensours,
Thir babil-beirers, and thir bairds,
Thir sweir swyngeours with Lords and Lairds,
Ma then thair rents may susteine,
Or to thair profeit neidfull bene,

contentious, make-baits, retained for violence.
Quhilk bene, ay, blythest of discords,
And deidly feid amang thar Lords:
For then they sleutchers man be treatit,
Or els thair querrels vndebaitit.

This is against all that wear cowls, who work not, but are well fed, though every way idle, like dogs, or swine.
This bene against thir great fat Freiris,
Augustenes, Carmleits, and Cordeleirs,
And all vthers that in cowls bene cled,
Quhilk labours nocht, and bene weill fed:
I mein, nocht laborand Spirituallie,
Nor, for thair living, corporallie.
Lyand in dennis, lyke idill doggis,
I them compair to weil fed hoggis.

They should act up to their profession.
I think they do them selfis abuse,
Seing that thay the warld refuse;
Haifing profest sic povertie,
Syne, fleis fast fra necessitie.

What if they imitated Diogenes? Disgusted with the world, he shut himself up in a tub, and lived on herbs and water.
Quhat gif thay povertie wald professe,
And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous Philosophour?
Seing, in earth, bot vaine labour,
Alutterlie the warld refusit,
And in ane tumbe him self inclusit,
And leifit on herbs and water cauld;
Of corporall fude na mair he wald.

He did not beg about, but freed the world of himself.
He trottit nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun:
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes,
The wald of him was cummerles.

I might instance other cases of real poverty, in hundreds, if I chose.
Rycht sa, of Marie Magdalene,
And of Mary th' Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull, the first Hermeit,
All thir had povertie compleit.
Ane hundreth ma I micht declair;

In short, slothful idleness is injurious to the State.
Bot to my purpois I will fair;
Concluding sleuthfull idilnes
Against the Common-weill expresse.

CORRECTIOVN.

Quhom vpon ma will ȝe compleine? — Do you complain of any one else?

IOHNE.

Marie! on ma, and ma againe. — Of many.
For the pure peopill cryis, with cairis, — The Eyres
The infetching of Iustice airis, — satisfy covet-
Exercit mair for couetice — ousness rather
Then for the punisching of vyce. — than justice.
Ane peggrell theif that steillis ane kow — A petty thief
Is hangit; bot he that steillis ane bow, — is hanged;
With als meikill geir as he may turs, — a wholesale
That theif is hangit be the purs. — robber, fined.
Sic pykand peggrall theifis ar hangit; — A heinous
Bot he that all the warld hes wrangit,— — transgressor, if
Ane cruell tyrane, ane strang transgressour, — of substance,
Ane common, publick, plaine oppressour,— — will give bribes,
By buds may he obteine fauours — buy favours,
Of Tresurers and compositours: — and, though he
Thocht he serue greit punitioun, — deserves severe punishment, will
Gets easie compositioun. — get off easily.
And, throch laws consistoriall, — It is no wonder,
Prolixt, corrupt, and perpetuall, — owing to the consistorial laws,
The common peopill ar put sa vnder, — that the common
Thocht thay be puir it is na wonder. — people are poor

CORRECTIOVN.

Gude Iohne, I grant all that is trew: — It is even so;
ȝour infortoun full sair I rew. — and I pity you.
Or I pairt aff this Natioun, — But I will reform
I sall mak reformatioun. — all, before I go.
And, als, my Lord Temporalitie, — Lord Temporality, put down oppression betimes.
I ȝow command, in tyme that ȝe
Expell oppressioun aff ȝour lands.
And, als, I say to ȝow, merchands, — Merchants,

If ever I find you keeping company with Deceit, I will use my sword, and do strict justice on you.

Gif ever I find, be land or sie,
Dissait be in 3our cumpanie,
Quhilk ar to Common-weill contrair,
I vow to God I sall not spair
To put my sword to executioun,
And mak on 3ow extreme punitioun.

Lord Spiritualty, you are to let your lands to real husbandmen, and not to gentlemen, that neither will work nor can.

Mairover, my Lord Spiritualitie,
In gudlie haist I will that 3e
Set into few 3our temporall lands
To men that labours with thair hands,
Bot nocht to ane gearking gentill man,
That nether will he wirk, nor can,—
Quhairthroch the policy may increase.

TEMPORALITIE.

I am willing to do so, if Spirituality does likewise.

I am content, sir,—be the messe!—
Swa that the Spiritualitie
Sets thairs in few, als weill as wee.

CORRECTIOVN.

Spiritual Lords, are you willing?

My Spirituall Lords, ar 3e content?

SPIRITVALITIE.

We must consider; for it is not good to resolve hastily in such matters.

Na! na! Wee man tak advysement.
In sic maters for to conclude
Ouir haistelie wee think nocht gude.

CORRECTIOVN.

You shall be punished, if you do not consent.

Conclude 3e nocht with the Common-weil,
3e salbe punischit, be Sanct Geill!

(*Heir sall the Bischops cum, with the Freir.*)

SPIRITVALITIE.

We demur to your title to punish us.

Schir, we can schaw exemptioun
Fra 3our temporall punitioun,
The quhilk wee purpois till debait.

CORRECTIOVN.

Wa! Than ȝe think to stryue for stait! — So you are
My Lords, quhat say ȝe to this play? — ambitious!

TEMPORALITIE.

My soverane Lords, we will obay, — We will do
And tak ȝour part with hart and hand, — whatever
Quhatever ȝe pleis vs to command. — you command.

(*Heir sal the Temporal stait sit doun on thair knies, & say:*)

Bot wee beseik ȝow, Soveraine, — For past crimes
Of all our cryms that ar bygaine — we crave
To gif vs ane remissioun. — forgiveness.
And heir wee mak to ȝow conditioun — The Common-
The Common-weill for till defend — wealth we will
From henceforth till our liues end. — ever defend.

CORRECTIOVN.

On that conditioun I am content — Then I
Till pardon ȝow, sen ȝe repent. — pardon you.
The Common-weill tak be the hand, — Make a league with the Com-
And mak with him perpetuall band. — monwealth.

(*Heir sall the temporal staits, to wit, the Lords and merchands, imbreasse Iohne the Common-weill.*)

Iohne, haue ȝe ony ma debaits — Do you charge anything further
Against the Lords of Spirituall staits? — against the Spiritual Estate?

IOHNE.

Na, sir. I dar nocht speik ane word. — I do not dare
To plaint on Preistis, it is na bourd. — to complain of priests.

CORRECTIOVN.

Flyt on thy fow fill, I desyre the, — Blame your fill, so you
Swa that thou schaw bot the veritie. — speak truth.

IOHNE.

Grandmerces! Then I sall nocht spair. — Then, there
First to compleine on the Vickair. — is the vicar.

A poor cotter, who has children, dies. Of his two cows the vicar takes one, and the coverlet.

The pure Cottar being lyke to die,
Haifand 3oung infants, twa or thrie,
And hes twa ky, but ony ma;
The Vickar most haif ane of thay,
With the gray frugge that covers the bed,
Howbeit the wyfe be purelie cled.

If the wife dies, he takes the other cow, with a coat.

And, gif the wyfe die on the morne,
Thocht all the bairns sould be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleiks away,
With the pure cot of raploch gray.

Let there be an end of this.

Wald God this custome war put doun,
Quhilk never was foundit be ressoun!

TEMPORALITIE.

Do you tell the truth?

Ar all thay tails trew that thou telles?

PAVPER.

I recount my own experience.

Trew, sir! The Divill stick me, elles!.
For—be the halie Trinitie!—
That same was practeisit on me.

Our vicar robbed me of three cows, for my father, wife, and mother.

For our Vickar—God giue him pyne!—
Hes 3it thrie tydie kye of myne;
Ane for my father, and, for my wyfe, ane vther,
And the thrid cow he tuke for Mald, my mother.

IOHNE.

Our parson takes his tithes, and spends them, but does not preach.

Our Persone, heir, he takis na vther pyne
Bot to ressaue his teinds, and spend them, syne;
Howbeit he be obleist, be gude ressoun,
To preich the Evangell to his parochoun.

He does not forego his comforts.

Howbeit thay suld want preiching sevintin 3eir,
Our Persoun will not want ane scheif of beir.

PAVPER.

Our bishops have great wealth, live in palaces, and

Our bishops, with thair lustie rokats quhyte,
Thay flow in riches, royallie, and delyte.
Lyke Paradice bene thair palices and places,

And wants na pleasour of the fairest faces. — have pretty women.
Als, thir Prelates hes great prerogatyues ; — Moreover, they
For quhy thay may depairt, ay, with thair wyues, — change their wives, and
Without ony correctioun or damnage, — with impunity,
Syne, tak ane vther wantoner, but mariage. — scorning wedlock.
But doubt, I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe, — I should
Ay on, quhen I list, to part with my wyfe, — think this
Syne, tak ane vther, of far greiter bewtie. — very pleasant.
Bot ever, alace ! my Lords, that may not be ; — But I am
For I am bund, alace ! in mariage. — married.
Bot thay, lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage, — They indulge
Vnpysalt, rinnis amang the sillie ȝowis, — their lust as
Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis. — long as it lasts.

PERSON.

Thou lies, fals huirsun, raggit loun. — Liar, not a
Thair is na Preists, in all this toun, — priest in town has
That ever vsit sic vicious crafts. — ever done thus.

IOHNE.

The feind ressaue thay flattrand chafts ! — What a
Sir Domine, I trowit ȝe had be dum. — simpleton,
Quhair Devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie bum ? — to say this!

PERSON.

To speik of Preists, be sure it is na bourds. — Such heresy
Thay will burne men, now, for rakles words ; — is deserving
And all thay words ar herisie, in deid. — of the stake.

IOHNE.

The mekil feind ressaue the saul that leid ! — I say what
All that I say is trew, thocht thou be greifit ; — is true; and I
And that I offer on thy pallet to preif it. — can prove it.

SPIRITVALITIE.

My lords, quhy do ȝe thoil that lurdun loun — Why is t' is
Of Kirk-men to speik sic detractioun ? — varlet allowed to slander the clergy ?

This is past joking.

I let 3ow wit, my Lords, it is na bourds
Of Prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.

(*Heir Spritualitie fames and rages.*)

The villain puts me out of charity.

3on villaine puttis me out of Charitie.

TEMPORALITIE.

If he has lied, you have your remedy.

Quhy, my Lord? Sayis he ocht bot verity?
3e can nocht stop ane pure man for till plein3e.
Gif he hes faltit, summond him to 3our Sein3e.

SPIRITVALITIE.

The wretch shall rue his speaking of the cow.

3ea, that I sall. I mak greit God a vow,
He sall repent that he spak of the kow.
I will not suffer sic words of 3on villaine.

PAVPER.

Then give my three cows back.

Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Don't you fear to speak of me?

Fals carle, to speik to me stands thou not aw?

PAVPER.

An hour after my father was dead, the vicar seized my cow.

The feind resaue them that first devysit that law!
Within an houre efter my dade was deid,
The Vickar had my kow hard be the heid.

PERSON.

That law is good, being of old use.

Fals huirsun carle, I say that law is gude,
Becaus it hes bene lang our consuetude.

PAVPER.

When Pope, I will repeal it.

Quhen I am Paip, that law I sal put doun.
It is ane sair law for the pure commoun.

SPIRITVALITIE.

You shall repent these words.

I mak an vow, thay words thou sal repent.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

I ȝow requyre, my Lords, be patient:
Wee came nocht heir for disputatiouns;
Wee came to make gude reformatiouns.
Heirfoir, of this ȝour propositioun
Conclude, and put to executioun.

We came, not to dispute, but to reform. Do you take action, then.

MERCHAND.

My Lords, conclud that al the temporal lands
Be set in few to laboreris with thair hands,
With sic restrictiouns as sall be devysit,
That thay may liue, and nocht to be supprysit,
With ane ressonabill augmentatioun;
And, quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun,
That the Kings grace dois mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harneis, bow, and speir.
As for myself, my Lord, this I conclude.

Let the temporal lands be leased to husbandmen, on terms which they can bear. And let them hold themselves in readiness against being required for war.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Sa say we all. ȝour ressoun be sa gude,
To mak ane Act on this we ar content.

You have only to make an Act on this.

IOHNE.

On that, sir Scribe, I tak ane instrument.
Quhat do ȝe of the cors-present and kow?

What of the mortuary and cow?

GVDE-COVNSALL.

I wil conclude nathing of that, as now,
Without my Lord of Spiritualitie
Thairto consent, with all this haill cleargie.
My Lord Bischop, will ȝe thairto consent?

What say the clergy and the Lord Bishop to this matter?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Na, na! Never till the day of Iudgement
Wee will want nathing that wee haue in vse,—
Kirtil, nor kow. teind lambe, teind gryse, nor guse.

We will never give up anything we have been used to enjoy.

TEMPORALITIE.

The King had better apply to the Pope for a decree against mortuaries, which we object to.

Forsuith, my Lord, I think we suld conclude,
Seing this kow ȝe haue in cõsuetude,
Wee will decerne, heir, that the Kings grace
Sall wryte vnto the Paipis holines.
With his consent, be proclamatioun
Baith cors-present and cow wee sall cry doun.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Record my dissent, notary.

To that, my Lords, wee plainlie disassent.
Noter, thairof I tak ane instrument.

TEMPORALITIE.

It signifies nothing that you object. We two Estates can carry it against you one.

My lord, be him that al the warld hes wrocht!
Wee set nocht by quhidder ȝe consent or nocht.
ȝe ar bot ane estait, and we ar twa;
Et vbi maior pars ibi tota.

IOHNE.

Considor, now, the money that goes to Rome in bribes.

If I were a King, never a penny more should find its way there.

There must be a stop put to this.

My lords, ȝe haif richt prudentlie concludit.
Tak tent, now, how the land is clein denudit
Of gould and silver, quhilk daylie gais to Rome,
For buds, mair then the rest of Christindome.
War I ane King, sir, be coks passioun!
I sould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
That never ane penny sould go to Rome at all,
Na mair then did to Peter nor to Paull.
Do ȝe nocht sa, heir, for conclusioun,
I gif ȝow, all, my braid black malesoun.

MERCHAND.

The complaint is very just. We merchants alone have sent enormous wealth thither.

It is of treuth, sirs, be my christindome!
That mekil of our money gais to Rome;
For we merchants, I wait, within our bounds,
Hes furneist Preists ten hundreth thowsand punds,

For thair finnance: nane knawis sa weill as wee. Let this be
Thairfoir, my Lords, devyse sum remedie; remedied.
For, throw thir playis, and thir promotioun, So much gold—and not for spiritual purposes,—has gone out of the country, that the Commonwealth suffers sorely in consequence.
Mair for denners nor for devotioun,
Sir Symonie hés maid with them ane band,
The gould of weicht thay leid out of the land;
The Common-weil thairthroch being sair opprest.
Thairfoir, devyse remeid, as ȝe think best.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

It is schort tyme sen ony benẽfice People now visit Rome, not for bishoprics only, but even for vicarships.
Was sped in Rome, except greit Bischopries;
Bot, now, for ane vnworthie Vickarage
Ane Preist will rin to Rome, in Pilgramage.
Ane cavell quhilk was never at the scule A poor illiterate creature will go to Rome, tend a Bishop's mule, and return laden with benefices, in the teeth of the law.
Will rin to Rome, and keip ane Bischops mule,
And, syne, cum hame, with mony colorit crack,
With ane buirdin of benefices on his back;
Quhilk bene against the law, ane man alane
For till posses ma benefices nor ane.
Thir greit commends, I say, withoutin faill, Such abuses, and that of pluralities, should be abolished.
Sould nocht be giuen bot to the blude Royall.
Sa I conclude, my Lords, and sayis, for me,
ȝe sould annull all this pluralitie.

SPIRITVALITIE.

The Paip hes giuen vs dispensatiouns. The Pope has given us dispensations.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

ȝea, that is, be ȝour fals narratiouns. You deceiving him.
Thocht the Paip, for ȝour pleasour, will dispence, But, even then, you cannot clear your consciences.
I trow that can nocht cleir ȝour conscience.
Advyse, my Lords, quhat ȝe think to conclude. What shall be done?

TEMPORALITIE.

Sir, be my faith! I think it verie gude, To my mind,

priests should keep away from Rome; as they impoverish the realm for their own benefit.

That, fra hencefurth, na Preistis sall pas to Rome;
Becaus our substance thay do still consume.
For pleyis, and for thair profeit singulair,
Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.

And I think a priest should have but one benefice, or none.

And, als, I think it best, be my advyse,
That ilk Preist sall haif bot ane benefice;
And, gif thay keip nocht that fundatioun,
It sall be caus of deprivatioun.

MERCHAND.

We concur in this.

As ȝe haif said, my Lord, we wil consent.
Scribe, mak ane act on this, incontinent.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Now, what is the duty of prelates and priests?

We should decide this point, before we break up.

Benefices are given for good.

An office should be duly served.

A bishop should preach; and a parson should teach the Gospel.

The clergy ought to be qualified.

Tithes are to reward services.

My Lords, thair is ane thing ȝit vnproponit,—
How Prelats and Preistis aucht to be disponit:
This beand done, we haue the les ado.
Quhat say ȝe, sirs? This is my counsall, lo!
That, or wee end this present Parliament,
Of this mater to tak rype advysement.
Mark weill, my Lords, thair is na benefice
Giuen to ane man, bot for ane gude office.
Quha taks office, and syne thay can nocht vs it,
Giuer and taker, I say, ar baith abusit.
Ane Bischops office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teachour;
Rycht sa, the Persone vnto his parochoun
Of the Evangell sould leir them ane lessoun.
Thair sould na man desyre sic dignities,
Without he be abill for that office;
And, for that caus, I say, without leising,
They haue thair teinds, and for na vther thing.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Where do you learn that we ought to be preachers?

Freind, quhair find ȝe that we suld prechours be?

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Luik quhat Sanct Paul wryts vnto Timothie. Read what S. Paul writes to Timothy.
Tak, thair, the Buik : let se gif ȝe can spell.

SPIRITVALITIE.

I never red that. Thairfoir, reid it, ȝour sel. Read it yourself.

(*Gude-Counsall sall read thir wordis on ane Buik.*)

Fidelis sermo : Si quis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus desiderat. Oportet [ergo,] eum irreprehensibilem esse, vnius vxoris virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum, hospitalem, doctorem, non vinolentum, non percussorem, sed modestum. That is : The duty of a

This is a true saying : If any man desire the office of a Bishop, he desireth a worthie worke. A Bishop, therefore, must be vnreproueable, the husband of one wife, &c. Bishop.

SPIRITVALITIE.

ȝe temporall men, be him that heryit hell ! You laymen have no business with such things.
ȝe ar ovir peart with sik maters to mell.

TEMPORALITIE.

Sit still, my Lord. ȝe neid not for til braull. S. Paul himself says this.
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Sum sayis, be him that woare the croun of thorne ! Some say it had been well, if Paul had never been born.
It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Bot ȝe may knaw, my Lord, Sanct Pauls' intent. Did you never read the New Testament ?
Schir, red ȝe never the New testament ?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Na, sir. Be him that our Lord Jesus sauld ! Never Now or Old ; nor do I mean to read them.
I red never the New testament, nor auld ;
Nor ever thinks to do, sir, be the Rude !
I heir freiris say that reidihg dois na gude. To read is bad.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Reading would be no wrong to you, it being your duty.

Till 3ow to reid them I think it is na lack ;
For, anis I saw them, baith, bund on 3our back,—
That samin day that 3e was consecrat.

What do you say to this?

Sir, quhat meinis that?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Don't pester me.

The feind stick them that wat!

MERCHAND.

You are unfit for your office.

Then befoir God how can 3e be excusit,
To haif ane office, and waits not how to vs it?

Your tithes were never given you to reward what you now do.

Quhairfoir war gifin 3ow all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds 3e haif amang 3our hands?
Thay war giuin 3ow for vther causses, I weine,
Nor mummil matins and hald 3our clayis cleine.

How very apostolic!

3e say to the Appostils that 3e succeid ;
Bot 3e schaw nocht that into word nor deid.

For tithes give teachers.

The law is plaine, our teinds suld furnisch teichours.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Or p: achers.

3ea, that it sould, or susteine prudent preichours.

PAVPER.

Our parson neve preached.

Sir, God! nor I be stickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Persoun preichit, in all his lyfe.

PERSONE.

What does our preaching concern you?

Quhat devil raks the of our preiching, vndocht?

PAVPER.

Should you get tithes gratis?

Think 3e that 3e suld haue the teinds for nocht?

PERSONE.

Do you look for a cure of this?

Trowis thou to get remeid, carle, of that thing?

PAYPER.

3ea, be Gods breid ! richt sone, war I ane King. — There would be a cure, if I were king.

PERSONE.

2944 Wald thou of Prelats mak deprivatioun ? — Would you deprive prelates?

PAYPER.

Na ; I suld gar them keip thair fundatioun. — Not so.
Quhat devill is this? Quhom of sould Kings stand aw — Why should kings fear to
To do the thing that thay sould be the law ? — obey the law?
2948 War I ane King, be coks deir passioun ! — If there be not
I sould richt sone mak reformatioun. — a reformation,
Fail3eand thairof, 3our grace sould richt sone finde — the priests will soon have it all
That Preists sall leid 3ow lyke ane bellie blinde. — their own way.

IOHNE.

2952 Quhat gif King David war leiuand in thir dayis, — If King David, who founded so
The quhilk did found sa mony gay Abayis ! — many abbeys,
Or, out of heavin quhat gif he luikit doun, — were now living, or were he to look down from
And saw the great abominatioun — Heaven and see
2956 Amang thir Abesses and thir Nunries,— — the corruption of
Thair publick huirdomes and thair harlotries ! — the religious houses,
He wald repent he narrowit sa his bounds — he would wish he had been
Of 3eirlie rent thriescoir of thowsand pounds. — more liberal.
2960 His successours maks litill ruisse, I ges, — His successors little value
Of his devotioun, or of his holines. — his virtues.

ABBASSE.

How dar thou, carle, presume for to declair, — What impertinence in you!
Or for to mell the with sa heich a mater ?
2964 For, in Scotland thair did 3it never ring,— — Never had we
I let the wit,—ane mair excellent King. — a better King;
Of holines he was the verie plant, — and he is, now,
And now, in heavin, he is ane michtfull Sanct ; — a mighty saint.

He founded fifteen abbeys,—greatly enriching the church,—unlike present kings.

Becaus that fyftein Abbasies he did found,
Quhairthrow great riches hes ay done abound
Into our Kirk, and daylie 3it abunds:
Bot kings, now, I trow, few Abbasies founds.

Perdition reward your presumption, in judging so holy a man!

I dar weill say, thou art condempnit in hell,
That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
Fals, huirsun carle, thou art ovir arrogant,
To iudge the deids of sic ane halie Sanct.

IOHNE.

What said James I. of him?

He was too profuse;

and his successors suffered from his holiness.

King Iames the first, Roy of this Regioun,
Said that he was ane sair Sanct to the croun.
I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
That gaue away mair nor he left behind.
His successours that halines did repent,
Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient.

ABBASSE.

This wretch prates heresy, and deserves to be burnt, for speaking against our law and liberty.

My Lord Bishop, I mervel how that 3e
Suffer this carle for to speik heresie;
For, be my faith! my Lord, will 3e tak tent,
He servis for to be brunt incontinent.
3e can nocht say bot it is heresie,
To speik against our law and libertie.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Let him be charged, and taken to the stake, if he merits death.

Sancte pater, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Exame 3on carle; syne, mak his dilatioun.
I mak ane vow to God omnipotent,
That bystour salbe brunt incontinent.
Venerabill father, I sall do 3our command:
Gif he seruis deid, I sall sune vnderstand.

(*Pausa.*)

Declare your faith.

Fals, huirsun carle, schaw furth thy faith.

IOHNE.

Me think ȝe speik as ȝe war wraith. — You are angry.
To ȝow I will nathing declair ; — It is not to you that I will declare anything.
For ȝe ar nocht my ordinair.

FLATTRIE.

Quhom in trowis thou, fals monster mangit? — Whom do you trust in?

IOHNE.

I trow to God to se the hangit. — I trust to see you hanged.
War I ane King, be coks passioun ! — If I were a king,
I sould gar mak ane congregatioun — I would send
Of all the freirs of the four ordouris, — friars of all
And mak ȝow vagers on the bordours. — sorts packing.
Schir, will ȝe giue me audience, — To Your Ex-
And I sall schaw ȝour excellence— — cellency I
Sa that ȝour grace will giue me leife,— — am willing to
How into God that I beleife. — state my belief.

CORRECTIOVN.

Schaw furth ȝour faith, and feinȝe nocht. — State it, and honestly.

IOHNE.

I beleife in God, that all hes wrocht, — I believe in
And creat everie thing of nocht : — God the Creator;
And in his Son, our Lord Iesu, — and in Christ,
Incarnat of the Virgin trew ; — Virgin-born,
Quha vnder Pilat tholit passioun, — crucified,
And deit for our Salvatioun ; — dead, and
And, on the thrid day, rais againe, — risen again on
As halie scriptour schawis plane. — the third day;
And, als, my Lord, it is weill kend, — ascended into
How he did to the heavin ascend, — Heaven;
And set him doun at the richt hand — seated at God's
Of God the father, I vnderstand, — right hand;
And sall cum iudge on Dumisday. — who will come to judge at Doomsday.
Quhat will ȝe mair, sir, that I say?

CORRECTIOVN.

Say the rest. Schaw furth the rest. This is na game.

IOHNE.

I believe in Holy Church, but not in bishops or friars,— a graceless crew, altogether.

I trow Sanctam Ecclesiam,
Bot nocht in thir Bischops, nor thir Freirs,
Quhilk will, for purging of thir neirs,
Sard vp the ta raw and doun the vther.
The mekill Devill resaue the fidder!

CORRECTIOVN.

John seems a good Christian.

Say quhat ȝe will, sirs, be Sanct Tan!
Me think Iohne ane gude Christian man.

TEMPORALITIE.

Determine, my Lords, what shall be done as to Prelates.

My Lords, let be ȝour disputatioun.
Conclude, with firm deliberatioun,
How Prelats, fra thyne, sall be disponit.

MERCHAND.

Benefices should be given to preachers only; and no sheep to wolves.

I think, for me, evin as ȝe first proponit,
That the Kings grace sall gif na benefice
Bot till ane peichour that can vse that office.
The sillie sauls that bene Christis scheip
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfis to keip.

Heresy is bred by bad bishops, independent of the prince.

Quhat bene the caus of all the heresies,
Bot the abusioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit;
Thinkand to na prince thay wil be subiectit:

Hence, kings should give bishoprics to such only as preach throughout their sees.

Quhairfoir, I can find na better remeid
Bot that thir kings man take it in thair heid,
That thair be giuen to na man bischopries,
Except thay preich outthroch thair diosies,

And every parson should preach in his parish.

And ilk persone preich in his parochon:
And this I say, for finall conclusion.

TEMPORALITIE.

Wee think 3our counsall is verie gude : We all approve
As 3e haue said, wee all conclude. your counsel
Of this conclusioun, Noter, wee mak ane act. as very good.

SCRYBE.

I wryte all day, bot gets never ane plack. But my fees?

PAVPER.

Och ! my Lords, for the halie Trinitie, Remember the
Remember to reforme the consistorie. consistory, my
It hes mair neid of reformatioun Lords, which
Nor Ploutois court, sir, be coks passioun ! sorely needs amending.

PERSONE.

Quhat caus hes thou, fals pellour, for to pleinze? Why complain
Quhair was 3e ever summond to thair seinze? of the consistory?

PAVPER.

Marie ! I lent my gossop my mear, to fetch hame I lent my
coills ; mare; and she
And he hir drounit into the querrell hollis. was drowned.
And I ran to the Consistorie, for to pleinze ; I hastened to the
And thair I happinit amang ane greidie meinze. consistory, to
Thay gaue me, first, ane thing thay call citandum ; lodge a com-
Within aucht dayis, I gat bot lybellandum ; plaint; and there
Within ane moneth, I gat ad opponendum ; I fell among
In half ane 3eir, I gat interloquendum ; cunning and
And, syne, I gat—how call 3e it?—ad replican- extortionate
dum : lawyers, who
Bot I could never ane word 3it vnderstand him. had my case
And than thay gart me cast out many plackis, adjourned and
And gart me pay for four and twentie actis ; adjourned, and
Bot, or thay came half gait to concludendum, drained me of all
The feind ane plack was left for to defend him. my money, in
Thus thay postponit me twa 3eir, with thair traine, payment of
Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum againe ; their fees;

and they cried for silver, to the last; but I never got my good mare, after all.

And than thir ruiks thay roupit wonder fast
For sentence silver: thay cryit, at the last.
Of pronunciandum thay maid me wonder faine;
Bot I gat never my gude gray meir againe.

TEMPORALITIE.

Herein, again, we will reform.

My Lords, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
Quhais great defame aboue the heavins blawis.

The law-charges are excessive.

I wist ane man, in persewing ane kow,
Or he had done, he spendit half ane bow.

We will have it here as it is in France. The Spirituality shall look after spiritual matters; the Temporalty, after temporal.

Sa that the kings honour wee may avance,
Wee will conclude as thay haue done in France.
Let Spirituall maters pas to Spritualitie,
And Temporall maters to Temporalitie:
Quha failȝeis of this sall cost them of thair gude.
Scribe, mak ane act; for sa wee will conclude.

SPIRITVALITIE.

This goes against our interest, which we will not forego.

That act, my Lords,—plainlie I will declair,—
It is aganis our profeit singulair.
Wee will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill!

TEMPORALITIE.

Your interest is selfish; and your consent does not signify.

ȝour profeit is against the Common-weil.
It salbe done, my Lords, as ȝe haue wrocht:
We cure nocht quhidder ȝe consent, or nocht.

Temporal Judges, not spiritual, should have cognizance of matters temporal.

Quhairfoir servis, then, all thir Temporall Iudges,
Gif temporall maters sould seik at ȝow refuges?
My Lord, ȝe say that ȝe ar Sprituall:
Quhairfoir mell ȝe, than, with things temporall?

We have given our decision.

As we haue done conclude, sa sall it stand.
Scribe, put our Acts in ordour, evin fra hand.

SPIRITVALITIE.

To all your Acts we take exception.

Till all ȝour acts plainlie I disassent.
Notar, thairof I tak ane instrument.

(Heir sall Veritie and Chastitie mak thair plaint at the bar.)

VERITIE.

My Soverane, I beseik 3our excellence,
Vse Iustice on Spiritualitie,
The quhilk to vs hes done great violence,
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put vs close into Captivitie;
And sa remanit into subiectioun,
Into great langour and calamitie,
Till we war fred be King Correctioun.

I beseech that Spirituality may get his due for his violence to us. He cast us into bonds, where we lay until released by King Correction.

CHASTITIE.

My lord, I haif great caus for to complaine.
I could get na ludging intill this land,
The Spirituall stait had me sa at disdane.
With Dame Sensuall thay haue maid sic ane band,
Amang them all na freindschip, sirs, I fand;
And, quhen I came the nobill innis amang,
My lustie Ladie Priores, fra hand,
Out of hir dortour durlie scho me dang.

For my part, I could get no lodging in all the land, owing to the influence of Sensuality. Even the Lady Prioress drove me out of her dormitory.

VERITIE.

With the advyse, sir, of the Parliament,
Hairtlie we mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Cause King Correctioun tak, incontinent,
Of all this sort examinatioun.
Gif thay be digne of deprivatioun,—
3e haue power for to correct sic cases,—
Chease the maist cunning Clerks of this natioun,
And put mair prudent pastours in thair places.
My prudent Lords, I say that pure craftsmen
Abufe sum Prelats ar mair for to commend.
Gar exame them, and sa 3e sall sune ken
How thay in vertew Bischops dois transcend.

Let King Correction examine all persons of this sort. Let fit clergy be substituted for unfit. Even poor craftsmen know their business better than some bishops.

SCRIBE.

What is your craft?

Thy life and craft mak to thir Kings kend.
Quhat craft hes thow declair that to me plaine.

TAILȝEOVR.

That of tailor, to make and to mend.

Ane tailȝeour, sir, that can baith mak and mend:
I wait, nane better into Dumbartane.

SCRIBE.

Why called tailor?

Quhairfoir of tailȝeours beirs thou the styl?

TAILȝEOUR.

Because I can make doublets, coats, and hose.

Becaus, I wait, is nane, within ane myll,
Can better vse that craft, as I suppois;
For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.

SCRIBE.

And what are you called?

How cal thay ȝou, sir, with the schaiping knife?

SOWTAR.

A shoemaker.

Ane sowtar, sir; nane better into Fyfe.

SCRIBE.

Why so called?

Tel me quhairfoir ane sowtar ȝe ar namit?

SOWTAR.

Because I make foot-gear.

I should like to show a sample of my skill.

Of that surname I neid nocht be aschamit;
For I can mak schone, brotekins, and buittis.
Gif me the coppie of the Kings cuittis,
And ȝe sall se, richt sune, quhat I can do.
Heir is my lasts, and weill wrocht ledder, to.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Things are, indeed, out of order, when very shoemakers and tailors surpass, in their vocations, our prelates.

O Lord my God This is an mervelous thing,
How sic misordour in this Realme sould ring.
Sowtars and tailȝeours thay ar far mair expert
In thair pure craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar our Prelatis in thair vocatioun.
I pray ȝow, sirs, mak reformatioun.

VERITIE.

Alace! alace! Quhat gars thir temporal Kings — Much to blame
Into the Kirk of Christ admit sic doings? — are kings.
My Lords, for lufe of Christs passioun, — My Lords, depose
Of thir ignorants mak depriuatioun, — these ignorant
Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich; — persons, mere flatterers, and
And put into thair places that can preich. — supersede them.
Send furth, and seik sum devoit cunning Clarks, — by earnest clerks,
That can steir vp the peopill to gude warks. — that know how to preach.

CORRECTIOVN.

As ȝe haue done, Madame, I am content. — Diligence, explore
Hoaw! Diligence, pas hynd, incontinent, — the towns, cities,
And seik outthrow all towns and cities, — and universities,
And visie all the vniversities. — and bring hither
Bring vs sum Doctours of Divinitie, — doctors of
With licents in the law and Theologie, — divinity, licen-
With the maist cunning Clarks in all this land. — tiates in law
Speid sune ȝour way, and bring them heir fra hand. — and theology, and learned clerks, forthwith.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat gif I find sum halie provinciall, — What if I
Or minister of the gray freiris all, — find any, besides
Or ony freir, that can preich prudentlie? — these, that
Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie? — can preach?

CORRECTIOVN.

Cair thou nocht quhat estait saever he be, — Let them
Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie. — be included.
Maist cunning Clarks with vs is best beluifit: — No matter
To dignitie thay salbe, first, promuifit. — what their titles,
Quhidder thay be Munk, Channon, Preist, or Freir, — they that can preach shall
Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring them heir. — be raised, first, to dignity.

DILIGENCE.

I will do as I am bid.

Than fair-weill, sir; for I am at the flicht.
I pray the Lord to send 3ow all gude nicht.

(*Heir sall Diligence pas to the palzeoun.*)

TEMPORALITIE.

Sire, pity our daughters, hard to dispose of, unless dowried with land.

Sir, we beseik 3our soverane celsitude
Of our dochtours to haue compassioun,
Quhom wee may na way marie, be the Rude!
Without wee mak sum alienatioun
Of our land, for thair supportatioun;

The market is spoilt for them, since the daughters of prelates can be endowed with such large marriage-portions.

For quhy the markit raisit bene sa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun
Ar maryit with sic superfluities,
Thay will nocht spair to gif twa thowsand pound,
With thair dochtours, to ane nobill man;
In riches sa thay do superabound.

The wealth of the prelates keeps our daughters unwedded.

Bot we may nocht do sa, be Sanct Allane!
Thir proud Prelats our dochters sair may ban,
That thay remaine at hame sa lang vnmaryit.

And some of them go naughty.

Schir, let 3our Barrouns do the best thay can,
Sum of our dochtours, I dreid, salbe miscaryit.

CORRECTIOVN.

There is reason in this complaint; and here, too, I will reform, before I go away.

My Lord, 3our complaint is richt ressonabill,
And, richt sa, to our dochtours profitabill.
I think, or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

(*Heir sall enter common thift.*)

THIFT.

Clear the way for me.

Ga by the gait, man; let me gang.
How Devill came I into this thrang?

Alack, if I am taken!

With sorrow I may sing my sang,
And I be taine.

For I haue run baith nicht and day ; My legs
Throw speid of fut I gat away. saved me.
Gif I be kend heir, wallaway ! If recognized,
I will be slaine. I am lost.

PAVPER.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift ? What is your name?

THIFT.

Huirsun, thay câll me common thift ; Common Theft;
For quhy I had na vther schift, for I live
Sen I was borne. by thieving.
In Eusdaill was my dwelling place : My home was
Mony ane wyfe gart I cry alace ; in Ewisdale,
At my hand thay gat never grace, where I vexed
Bot ay forlorne. the wives.
Sum sayis, ane king is cum amang vs, They say that
That purposis to head and hang vs. a King has come,
Thair is na grace, gif he may fang vs, who means
Bot on an pin. to hang us.
Ring he, we theifis will get na gude. I wish he and all
I pray God and the halie Rude, his kindred had
He had bene smoird into his cude, been smothered in
And all his kin. their chrisoms.
Get this curst King me in his grippis, He would soon
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis. do for me.
The Devill I gif his toung and lippis, Let no one delate
That of me tellis. against me.
Adew ! I dar na langer tarie ; Good-bye ! If
For, be I kend, thay will me carie, I am known,
And put me in ane fierie farie : it will fare
I se nocht ellis. ill with me.
I raife Be him that herryit hell ! I had almost
I had almaist forȝet my sell. forgot myself.
Will na gude fallow to me tell Will no one
Quhair I may finde tell me where
The Earle of Rothus best haiknay : I can find a certain hackney

That was my earand heir away,
He is richt starck, as I heir say,
And swift as winde.
Heir is my brydill and my spurris,
To gar him lance ovir land and furris.
Micht I him get to Ewis durris,
I tak na cuir.
Of that hors micht I get ane sicht,
I haife na doubt, ȝit or midnicht,
That he and I sould tak the flicht
Throch Dysert mure.
Of cumpanarie, tell me, brother,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Strother.
I wald be welcum to my mother,
Gif I micht speid.
I wald gif baith my coat and bonet,
To get my Lord Lindesayis broun Ionet.
War he beȝond the watter of Annet,
We sould nocht dreid.
Quhat now, Oppressioun, my maister deir!
Quhat mekill Devill hes brocht ȝow heir?
Maister, tell me the caus, perqueir,
Quhat is that ȝe haue done.

I came about,— sturdy, and fleet as the wind?
Here are my bridle and spurs.
I should like to spirit him away.
If I got sight of him, we should be a long way off before midnight.
Which is the way to the Stother?
My mother would like to see me.
With Lord Lindesay's genet, and beyond the water of Annand, I should not fear.
What brought you here, Oppression? What have you done?

OPPRESSIOVN.

Forsuith, the kings maiestie
Hes set me heir, as ȝe may se.
Micht I speik Temporalitie,
He wald me releife sone.
I beseik ȝow, my brother deir,
Bot halfe ane houre for to sit heir.
ȝe knaw that I was never sweir
ȝow to defend.
Put in ȝour leg into my place;
And heir I sweir, be Gods grace,
ȝow to releife within schort space,
Syne, let ȝow wend.

The King set me here.
I wish I could see Temporalty.
Pray stay here half an hour.
I was never backward to defend you.
Put your leg in my place.
I will relieve and release you soon.

THIFT.

Than, maister deir, gif me 3our hand,
And mak to me ane faithfull band,
That 3e sall cum agane fra hand,
Withoutin faill.

Then give me your hand, and promise to return soon certainly.

OPPRESSIOVN.

Tak, thair, my hand, richt faithfullie.
Als, I promit the, verelie,
To gif to the ane cuppill of kye,
In Liddisdaill.

I promise faithfully. And I will give you a couple of cows, too.

(*Thift puts his legs in the stockis.*)

Haif I nocht maid ane honest schift,
That hes betrasit common Thift?
For thair is nocht, vnder the lift,
Ane curster cors.

So I have betrayed Common Theft, the miserable wretch.

I am richt sure that he and I,
Within this hal 3eir, craftely
Hes stolne ane thowsand scheip and ky,
By meiris and hors.

Within the twelvemonth I am sure he and I have stolen a thousand sheep and kine.

Wald God I war baith sound and haill,
Now liftit into Liddisdaill!
The Mers sould find me beif and kaill.
Quhat rak of bread!

Would I were in Liddisdale! The Mers should feed me well.

War I thair liftit, with my lyfe,
The Devill sould stick me with ane knyfe,
And ever I come againe to Fyfe,
Quhill I war dead.

Once there, I would never more return to Fyfe.

Adew! I leife the Devill amang 3ow:
That in his fingers he may fang 3ow,
With all leill men that dois belang 3ow:
For I may rew
That ever I came into this land;
For quhy, 3e may weill vnderstand,
I gat na geir to turne my hand.
3it anis, adew!

Adieu! The Devil take you and all your loyal men! I regret having ever come here, where my chance has been so poor. Once more, adieu!

46309

(*Heir sall Diligence conuoy the thrie Clarks.*)

DILIGENCE.

I bring three clerks, very intelligent, able to preach, and also to teach Latin.

Sir, I haue brocht vnto 3our Excellence,
Thir famous Clarks of greit intelligence;
For to the common peopill thay can preich,
And, in the Scuilis, in Latine toung can teich.

They are a doctor of divinity and two licentiates, altogether godly.

This is ane Doctour of Divinitie;
And thir twa, Licents, men of gravitie.
I heare men say, thair conversatioun
Is maist in Divine Contemplatioun.

DOCTOVR.

My blessing on this company.

Grace, peace, and rest from the hie Trinitie,
Mot rest amang this godlie cumpanie!

We come to serve you, ready to do whatever you command.

Heir ar we cumde, as 3our obedients,
For to fulfil 3our iust commandements.
Quhateuir it please 3our Grace vs to command,
Sir, it sall be obeyit, euin fra hand.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcome! Sit down, and advise us.

Gud freinds, 3e ar richt welcome to vs all.
Sit doun, all thrie, and geif vs 3our counsall.

CORRECTIOVN.

Exert yourself in your office. First, search out all that are incompetent to fulfil their duties, and put others in their places.

Sir, I giue 3ow baith counsal & command,
In 3our office vse exercitioun;
First, that 3e gar search, out throch all 3our land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office efter the institutioun
Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vocatioun:
Put in thair places men of gude conditioun:
And this 3e do without dilatioun.

You are the head of this congregation; and I will be diligent to support you.

3e ar the head, sir, of this congregatioun,
Preordinat be God omnipotent,
Quhilk hes me send to mak 3ow supportatioun,
Into the quhilk I salbe diligent.

And quhasaever beis inobedient,
And will nocht suffer for to be correctit,
Thay salbe, all, deposit incontinent,
And from 3our presence they sall be dejectit.

And they who refuse to be corrected shall be deprived.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Begin, first, at the Spritualitie,
And tak of them examinatioun,
Gif they can vse their divyne dewetie.
And, als, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
All thay that hes thair offices misvsit,
Of them make haistie depriuatioun,
Sa that the peopill be na mair abusit.

Make a beginning with the Spirituality; and let all that have misused their offices be forthwith ejected.

CORRECTIOVN.

3e ar ane Prince of Spritualitie.
How haue 3e vsit 3our office, now let se.

How have you discharged your duties?

SPIRITVALITIE.

My Lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
Of thair office till ony King mak count?
Bot of my office gif 3e wald haue the feill,
I let 3ow wit, I haue it vsit weill;
For I tak in my count twyse in the 3eir,
Wanting nocht, of my teind, ane boll of beir.
I gat gude payment of my Temporall lands,
My buttock-maill, my coattis, and my offrands,
With all that dois perteine my benefice.
Consider, now, my Lord, gif I be wyse.
I dar nocht marie contrair the common law;
Ane thing thair is, my Lord, that 3e may knaw.
Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie spouse ane wyfe,
3it Concubeins I haue had four or fyfe;
And to my sons I haue giuin rich rewairds,
And all my dochters maryit vpon lairds.
I let 3ow wit, my Lord, I am na fuill,
For quhy I ryde vpon ane amland Muill.

When did a prelate account to a king? Still, you shall know all. I look well after creature-comforts, and exact everything that I have a claim to, judiciously. The law forbidding me to marry, I have had four or five concubines. I care for my children, too; and I ride an ambling mule.

Also, I live well.
Further, I pension divers temporal lords, that they may always take my part. And this is all.

Thair is na Temporall Lord, in all this land,
That maks sic cheir, I let 3ow vnderstand.
And, als, my Lord, I gif, with gude intentioun,
To divers Temporall Lords ane 3eirlie pensioun,
To that intent, that thay, with all thair hart,
In richt and wrang sal plainlie tak my part.
Now haue I tauld 3ow, sir, on my best ways,
How that I haue exercit my office.

CORRECTIOVN.

I thought you should preach and teach.
Why your mitre?

I weind 3our office had bene for til preich,
And Gods law to the peopill teich.
Quhairfoir weir 3e that mytour, 3e me tell.

SPIRITVALITIE.

I don't know.

I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hel!

CORRECTIOVN.

It means that you should teach and preach.

That dois betakin that 3e, with gude intent,
Sould teich & preich the auld & New testament.

SPIRITVALITIE.

A friar takes my duties till Easter.

I haue ane freir to preiche into my place:
Of my office 3e heare na mair quhill Pasche.

CHASTITIE.

This abbot and this prioress are scorners and hypocrites.

My Lords, this Abbot and this Priores
Thay scorne thair gods. This is my reason quhy
Thay beare an habite of feinzeit halines,
And, in thair deid, thay do the contrary.

They break their vows and live unchastely. Examine into this.

For to liue chaist thay vow solemnitly;
Bot, fra that thay be sikker of thair bowis,
Thay liue in huirdome and in harlotry.
Examine them, Sir, how thay obserue thair vowis.

CORRECTIOVN.

All three shall be scrutinized.

Sir Scribe, 3e sall, at Chastities requeist,
Pas and exame 3on thrie, in gudlie haist.

SCRIBE

Father Abbot, this counsall bids me speir :
How ȝe haue vsit ȝour Abbay, thay wald heir.
And, als, thir Kings hes giuin to me commissioun
Of ȝour office for to mak inquisitioun.

I am to inquire how you have used your abbey and acquitted yourself of your duties.

ABBOT.

Tuiching my office, I say to ȝow, plainlie,
My Monks and I, we leif richt easelie.
Thair is na Monks, from Carrick to Carraill,
That fairs better, and drinks mair holsum Aill.
My Prior is ane man of great devotioun ;
Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.

My monks and I lead a jovial life, and eat and drink very satisfactorily.

My prior, a most devout man, gets a double share of ale.

SCRIBE.

My Lords, how haue ȝe keipt ȝour thrie vows ?

How have you kept your three vows ?

ABBAS.

Indeid, richt weill, till I gat hame my bows.
In my Abbay quhen I was sure professour,
Then did I leife as did my predecessour.
My paramours is baith als fat and fair
As ony wench into the toun of Air.
I send my sons to Pareis, to the scullis ;
I traist in God that thay salbe na fuillis.
And all my douchters I haue weill providit,
Now iudge ȝe gif my office be weill gydit.

I have lived like my predecessor.

My paramours are in capital case;

my sons are educated at Paris ; and I provide for my daughters.

Don't I do well ?

SCRIBE.

Maister Person, schaw vs gif ȝe can preich.

Parson, can you preach ?

PERSONE.

Thocht I preich not, I can play at the caiche.
I wait thair is nocht ane, amang ȝow all,
Mair ferilie can play at the fut-ball ;
And, for the carts, the tabils, and the dyse,
Aboue all persouns I may beir the pryse.

Though I am not able to preach,

I have rare skill in all manner of sports and games.

I study my dress, also.
Such is my life.
You learn no more from me.

Our round bonats, we mak them, now, four-nuickit,
Of richt fyne stuiff, gif 3ow list cum and luik it.
Of my office I haue declarit to the.
Speir quhat 3e pleis, 3e get na mair of me.

SCRIBE.

Now for my Lady Prioress.
Why did you turn Chastity away?

Quhat say 3e, now, my Ladie Priores?
How haue 3e vsit 3our office, can 3e ges?
Quhat was the caus 3e refusit harbrie
To this 3oung lustie Ladie Chastitie?

PRIORES.

She did not suit me.
I follow custom; and I will enlighten you no further.

I wald haue harborit hir, with gude intent;
Bot my complexioun thairto wald not assent.
I do my office efter auld vse and wount:
To 3our Parliament I will mak na mair count.

VERITIE.

Now direct some of your cunning clerks that can preach, to make a sermon out of hand.

Now caus sum of 3our cunning Clarks
Quhilk ar expert in heavinlie warks,
And men fulfillit with charitie,
That can weill preiche the veritie,
And gif to sum of them command
Ane sermon for to make fra hand.

CORRECTIOVN.

I will do so at once.

As 3e haue said, I am content
To gar sum preich incontinent.
(*Pausa.*)

You can teach in the schools, I know. Now preach a sermon in English.

Magister noster, I ken how 3e can teiche
Into the scuillis, and that richt ornatlie.
I pray 3ow, now, that 3e wald please to preiche
In Inglisch toung, laud folk to edifie.

DOCTOVR.

I will obey you straightway.

Soverane, I sall obey 3ow humbillie,
With ane schort sermon, presentlie, in this place,

And schaw the word of God, vnfeinʒeitlie — as God shall
And sinceirlie, as God will giue me grace. — give me grace.

(*Heir sall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and say :*)

Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata. — Devout people,
Devoit peopill, Sanct Paull, the preichour, sayis : — S. Paul teaches
The fervent luife and fatherlie pitie — us that God's good-will to
Quhilk God almichtie hes schawin, mony wayis, — fallen and frail man surpasses
To man, in his corrupt fragilitie, — all earthly love,
Exceids all luife in earth; sa far that we — and that we can make no meet
May never to God mak recompence conding; — return for it.
As quhasa lists to reid the veritie — And this you will find in the Scriptures.
In halie Scripture, he may find this thing:
Sic Deus dilexit mundum.
Tuiching nathing the great prerogatiue — I shall not now
Quhilk God to man, in his creatioun, lent.— — dwell on the fact; that God created
How man, of nocht creat, superlatiue — man in His
Was to the Image of God omnipotent,— — own image.
Let vs consider that speciall luife ingent, — Rather, let us consider God's
God had to man, quhen our foirfather fell, — great love *to man*;
Drawing vs, all, in his loynis imnianent, — when Adam fell,
Captive from gloir, in thirlage to the hel. — and we with him.
Quhen Angels fell, thair miserabil ruyne — Angels fell, to remain fallen;
Was never restorit; bot, for our miserie, — but Christ assumed
The Son of God, secund persone divyne; — humanity, to
In ane pure Virgin tuke humanitie. — rescue man.
Syne, for our saik, great harmis suffered he, — Sorely did He
In fasting, walking, in preiching, cauld, and heit; — suffer for us, and,
And, at the last, ane schamefull death deit he; — at last, was crucified, between
Betwix twa theifis, on Croce, he ʒeild the Spreit : — two thieves.
And, quhair an drop of his maist precious blude — A single drop of
Was recompence sufficient and conding — His blood would
Ane thowsand warlds to ransoun from that wod — suffice to redeem a thousand
Infernall feind, Sathan, notwithstanding, — worlds; and yet,
He luifit vs sa, that, for our ransoning, — for love of us,
He sched furth all the blude of his bodie,— — He shed all
Riven, rent, and sair wondit, quhair he did hing, — His blood,

on the cross on Calvary.

Naild on the Croce, on the Mont Calvary.
Et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Thus was Satan worsted, we were saved from hell, and the gate of Paradise was opened to all mankind.

O cruell death, be the the venemous
Dragon, the Devill infernall, lost his pray.
Be the the stinkand, mirk, contageous,
Deip pit of hell mankynd escaipit fray.
Be the the port of Paradice, alsway,
Was patent maid vnto the heavin sa hie,—
Opinnit to man and maid ane reddie way
To gloir eternall with th' haly Trinitie.

For this love God asks only love.

And 3it, for all this luife incomparabill,
God askis na rewaird fra vs againe,
Bot luife for luife. In his command, but fabill,

And love is a ladder with but two steps, by which we gain Heaven.

Conteinit ar all haill the lawis ten,
Baith ald and new, and commandements ilk ane.
Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa,
Be quhilk we may clim vp to lyfe againe,
Out of this vaill of miserie and wa.
Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, & proximum tuum sicut teipsum: in his duobus mandatis, &c.

First, love God; and, secondly, love your neighbour.

The first step, suithlie, of this ledder is,
To luife thy God, as the fontaine and well
Of luife and grace; and the secund, I wis,
To luife thy nichtbour as thou luifis thy sell.

Otherwise, there is no salvation. So says the holy Gospel.

Quha tynis ane stop of thir twa, gais to hel,
Bot he repent, and turne to Christ anone.
Hauld this na fabill: the halie Evangell
Bears, in effect, thir words, everie one.
Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata Dei.

There is no remedy for such as do not eschew all manner of sin, and engage in good works.

Thay tyne thir steps, all thay quha ever did sin
In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie,
In covetice, or ony extreme win,
Into sweirnes, or into gluttonie;
Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.

PERSONE.

Now, walloway! Thinks thou na schame to lie? This is
I trow, the Devill a word is trew thou sayis. all false.
Thou sayis thair is bot twa steppis to the heavin; It is not two
Quha failȝeis them man backwarts fall in hell. steps to Heaven,
I wait it is ten thowsand mylis and sevin: but many
Gif it be na mair, I do it vpon thy sell. thousand miles.
Schort-leggit men, I se, be Bryds bell! Short-legged men
Will nevir cum thair, thay steppis bene sa wyde. will never get there.
Gif thay be the words of the Evangell, One must
The spirituall men hes mistȝe of ane gyde. have a guide.

ABBOT.

And I beleif that cruikit men and blinde How about the
Sall neuer get vp vpon sa hich ane ledder. lame and blind?
By my gude faith, I dreid to ly behinde, I must be
Without God draw me vp into ane tedder. hauled up.
Quhat and I fal? Than I will break my bledder. And if I fall?
And I cum thair this day, the Devill speid me, To get up, God
Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder, must make me lighter than a
Or send me doun gude Widcok wingis to flie. feather, or give me good wood cocks' wings.

PERSONE.

Cum doun, dastart, and gang sell draiff. Come down,
I vnderstand nocht quhat thow said. dastard, and go
Thy words war nather corne nor caiff: your way. You
I wald thy toung againe war laid. prate nonsense.
Quhair thou sayis pryde is deidlie sin, Pride is
I say pryde is bot honestie; honesty;
And Covetice of warldlie win covetousness is
Is bot wisdome, I say for me: wisdom;
Ire, hardines, and gluttonie and anger and
Is nathing ellis but lyfis fude: the rest, which
The naturall sin of lecherie you denounce,
Is bot trew luife. All thir ar gude are, all, good

DOCTOVR.

God and the Church forbid them to good Christians.

God and the Kirk hes giuin command
That all gude Christian men refuse them.

PERSONE.

If they were sin, we clerics should avoid them.

Bot, war thay sin, I vnderstand,
We men of Kirk wald never vse them.

DOCTOVR.

Brother, may the Trinity support you, for the good of your subjects!

Brother, I pray the Trinitie
3our faith and charitie to support,
Causand 3ow knaw the veritie,
That 3e 3our subiects may comfort.

People, pray for your rulers, that the wicked may have justice.

To 3our prayers, peopill, I recommend
The rewlars of this nobill regioun;
That our Lord God his grace mot to them send,
On trespassours to mak punitioun.

I pray for your safety and pardon; and may God bless you!

Prayand to God from feinds 3ow defend,
And of 3our sins to gif 3ow full remissioun,
I say na mair: to God I 3ow commend.

(Heir Diligence spyis the freir roundand to the Prelate.)

DILIGENCE.

The Spiritual Estate means to resist, under advice of yonder friar.

My lords, I persaue that the Sprituall stait,
Be way of deid, purpois to mak debait;
For, be the counsall of 3on flattrand freir,
Thay purpois to mak all this toun on steir.

FIRST LICENT.

Do you think they will disobey the decreits of Parliament?

Traist 3e that thay wilbe inobedient
To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament?

DILIGENCE.

Since the Pope wars against the King of France, they think that prelates may defend their patrimony.

Thay se the Paip, with awfull ordinance,
Makis weir against the michtie King of France.
Richt sa, thay think that prelats suld nocht sunzie,
Be way of deid, defend thair patrimonie.

FIRST LICENT.

I pray the, brother, gar me vnderstand — Where did Christ
Quhair ever Christ possessit ane fut of land: — possess land?

DILIGENCE.

3568 3ea, that he did, father, withoutin fail; — He had land; for He was King
For Christ Iesus was King of Israell: — of Israel.

FIRST LICENT.

I grant that Christ was king abufe al kings; — Christ was,
Bot he mellit never with temporall things; — indeed, King of kings; but He
3572 As he hes plainlie done declair, him sell; — avoided temporal
As thou may reid in his halie Evangell: — matters.
Birds hes thair nests, and tods hes thair den; — Thus, we read,
Bot Christ Iesus, the Saviour of men, — in the Gospel,
3576 In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid — that He had
Quhairon he may repois his heavinlie head. — not where to lay His head.

DILIGENCE.

And is that trow? — And is this true?

[SECVND LICENT.]

3es, brother, be Alhallows! — It is. He had
3580 Christ Iesus had na propertie bot the gallows, — no property but the Cross; and
And left not, quhen he 3eildit vp the Spreit, — He did not leave
To by himself ane simpill winding-scheit. — enough to buy a winding-sheet.

DILIGENCE.

Christs successours, I vnderstand, — His successors
3584 Thinks na schame to haue temporall land. — scorn not wealth,
Father, they haue na will, I 3ow assure, — unwilling to
In this warld to be indigent and pure. — be poor.
Bot, sir, sen 3e ar callit sapient, — But why was
3588 Declair to me the caus, with trew intent, — not Lady Truth
Quhy that my lustie Ladie Veritie — treated well
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie. — in this country?

BATCHELER.

Where the counsels of begging friars prevail, undoubtedly the truth is despised, causing confusion.

Forsuith, quhair Prelats vses the counsall
Of beggand freirs, in monie regioun,
And thay Prelats, with Princes principall,
The veritie, but doubt, is trampit doun,
And Common-weill put to confusioun.

Is not it so?

Gif this be trew, to 3ow I me report.

Institute a reform.

Thairfoir, my Lords, mak reformatioun;
Or 3e depart, hairtlie I 3ow exhort.

Friars prefer to do the preaching.

Sirs, freirs wald never, I 3ow assure,
That ony Prelats vsit preiching:

They would lose, if the prelates did it.

And Prelats tuke on them that cure,
Freirs wald get nathing for thair fleiching:

So barlish that friar, at once, from the land.

Thairfoir, I counsall 3ow, fra hand
Banische 3on freir out of this land,
And that incontinent.

Otherwise, he will surely work mischief.

Do 3e nocht sa, withoutin weir
He will mak all this toun on steir:
I knaw his fals intent.

And the prioress is of evil influence.

3on Priores, withoutin fabill,
I think scho is nocht profitabill
For Christis regioun.

You should deprive them both, I think.

To begin reformatioun,
Mak of them deprivatioun:
This is my opinioun.

FIRST SERGEANT.

If ordered, we will soon despoil them.

Sir, pleis 3e that we twa invaid them,
And 3e sall se vs sone degraid them
Of coill and chaplarie.

CORRECTIOVN.

Let them be banished the country directly.

Pas on. I am richt weill content.
Syne, banische them, incontinent,
Out of this cuntrie.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Come, friar. The King must be obeyed;

Cum on, sir freir, and be nocht fleyit.
The King, our maister, mon be obeyit;

Bot ȝe sall haue na harme. — but you shall take no harm;
Gif ȝe wald travell fra toun to toun; — If you would travel, this hood and gown will keep you warm.
I think this hude and heauie goun
Will hald ȝour wambe ovir warme.

FLATTERIE FREIR.

Now, quhat is this that thir monsters meins? — What mean these monsters? I am not subject to human laws;
I am exemptit fra Kings and Queens,
And fra all humane law.

SECVND SERGEANT.

Tak ȝe the hude, and I, the gown. — Let us take the hood and gown.
This limmer luiks als lyke ane lowrī — How like a scamp he looks!
As any that ever I saw.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thir freirs, to chaip punitioun, — These friars, to escape punishment, claim exemption.
Haulds them at their exemptioun;
And na man will obey.
Thay ar exempt, I ȝow assure, — They are altogether exempt, I assure you.
Baith fra Paip, kyng, and Empreour;
And that maks all the pley.

SECVND SERGEANT.

On Dumisday, quhen Christ sall say — At the Judgment, when Christ shall say 'Come, ye blessed,' the friars will say they are exempt.
Venite benedicti,
The Freirs will say, without delay,
Nos sumus exempti.

(*Heir sall thay spuilȝe Flattrie of the Freirs habite.*)

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Sir, be the halie Trinitie! — I see this is Flattery, in disguise.
This same is feinȝeit Flattrie:
I ken him be his face.
Beleiuand for to get promotioun, — To get promotion, he called himself Devotion, and so deceived you.
He said that his name was Devotioun,
And sa begylit ȝour grace.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Come on, Lady Prioress. We will teach you a new dance.

Cum on, my Ladie Priores.
We sall leir 3ow to dance—
And that within ane lytill space,—
Ane new pavin of France.

(*Heir sall thay spuilze the Priores; and scho sall haue ane kirtill of silk vnder hir habite.*)

Methinks this holy prioress has turned into a courtesan.

Now, brother, be the Masse!
Be my iudgement, I think
This halie Priores
Is turnit in ane cowclink.

PRIORES.

Curse on my friends, who would have me a nun, and not marry! It was their greed that made me a prioress.

I gif my freinds my malisoun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun;
And wald nocht let me marie:
It was my freinds greadines
That gart me be ane Priores:
Now hartlie them I warie.

Nuns sing ever, but with no understanding. They are not necessary to the Church.

Howbeit that Nunnis sing nichts and dayis,
Thair hart waitis nocht quhat thair mouth sayis;
The suith I 3ow declair.
Makand 3ow intimatioun,
To Christis congregatioun
Nunnis ar nocht necessair.

I mean to marry, and become housewife. Marriage is more religious than to be friar or nun.

Bot I sall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill and tun:
Mariage, be my opinioun,
It is better Religioun
As to be freir or Nun.

FLATTERIE FREIR.

My Lords, don't let me be hanged. I cannot

My Lords, for Gods saik let not hang me,
Howbeit that widdiefows wald wrang me:
I can mak na debait

To win my meat at pleuch nor harrowis ; earn my bread by tillage ; but I can help to hang my companions.
Bot I sall help to hang my marrowis,—
Baith Falset and Dissait.

CORRECTIOVN.

Than pas thy way, & greath the gallous ; Then go and prepare the gallows for them.
Syne, help for to hang vp thy fellowis.
Thou gets na vther grace. You get no grace but this.

[FLATTERIE.]

Of that office I am content. I consent.
Bot our Prelates, I dread, repent, But our prelates will miss me.
Be I fleimde from thair face.

(*Heir sall Flattrie sit besyde his marrowis.*)

DISSAIT.

Now, Flattrie, my auld companzeoun, What is Correction doing ?
Quhat dois zon King Correctioun ?
Knawis thou nocht his intent ? Tell me what you know.
Declair to vs of thy novellis.

[FLATTERIE.]

Ze'ill all be hangit,—I se nocht ellis,— I only know that you will all be hanged.
And that incontinent.

DISSAIT.

Now, walloway ! Will ze gar hang vs ? Through you ?
The Devill brocht zon curst king amang vs, It was the Devil that brought Correction here,
For mekill sturt and stryfe.

FLATTERIE.

I had bene put to deid amang zow, To save myself,
War nocht I tuke on hand till hang zow ; I offered to hang you.
And sa I saifit my lyfe.
I heir them say, thay will cry doun All friars and nuns are to be cried down,
All freirs and Nunnis in this Regioun,
Sa far as I can feill,

as unnecessary, Becaus thay ar nocht necessair:
and as opposed to the common welfare, And, als, thay think thay ar contrair
3704 To Iohne the common-weill.

(*Heir sal the Kings and the temporal stait round togider.*)

CORRECTIOVN.

These prelates shall, all, With the advice of King Humanitie,
Heir I determine, with rype advysement,
be deprived; That all thir Prelats sall deprivit be,
and these three clerks shall 3708 And, be decreit of this present Parliament,
That thir thrie cunning Clarks sapient
supersede them. Immediatlie thair places sall posses;
This is because God's Word was neglected. Becaus that thay haue bene sa negligent,
3712 Suffring the word of God for till decres.

REX HVMANITAS.

Be it so. As ȝe haue said, but dout it salbe done.
Effect the change. Pas to, and mak this interchainging sone.

(*The Kings servants lay hands on the thrie prelats, & says:*)

WANTONNES.

Patience! My Lords, we pray ȝow to be patient;
We will obey. 3716 For we will do the Kings commandement.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Touch us, and we curse you; I mak ane vow to God, and ȝe vs handill,
ȝe salbe curst and gragit with buik and candill.
and, afterwards, we will complain to the Pope. Syne, we sall pas vnto the Paip, and pleinȝie,
3720 And to the Devill of hell condemne this meinȝe;
Such reformation is new in Scotland. For quhy sic reformatioun, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor seine.

(*Heir sal thay spuilȝe them with silence, and put thair habite on the thrie Clarks.*)

MERCHAND.

How could you accept such cures,— We mervell of ȝow, paintit sepulturis,
3724 That was sa bauld for to accept sic cuiris,—

With glorious habite rydand vpon 3our Muillis. fools, as you
Now men may se, 3e ar bot verie fuillis, now appear!

SPIRITVALITIE.

We say, the Kings war greiter fuillis nor we, The kings that exalted us were
That vs promovit to sa greit dignitie, greater fools.

ABBOT.

Thair is ane thowsand in the kirk, but doubt, The Church has
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill socht out. many more like us.
Now, brother, sen it may na better be, But let us go drink with
Let vs ga soup with Sensualitie. Sensuality.

(*Heir sall thay pas to Sensualitie.*)

SPIRITVALITIE.

Madame, I pray 3ow mak vs thrie gude cheir. Madame, pray
We cure nocht to remaine with 3ow all 3eir, treat us.

SENSVALITIE.

Pas fra vs, fuillis, be him that hes vs wrocht! Away! I will have nothing to
3e ludge nocht heir; becaus I knaw 3ow nocht, do with you.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Sir Covetice, will 3e, also, misken me? You will help us,
I wait, richt weill, 3e wil baith gif and len me. Covetousness?
Speid hand, my freind; spair nocht to break the Break open my box, and give
lockis: me a thou-
Gif me ane thowsand crouns out of my box. sand crowns.

COVETICE.

Quhairfoir, sir fuil, gif 3ow ane thowsand crowns? Why give them to
Ga hence. 3e seime to be thrie verie lowns. you? Be off!

SPIRITVALITIE.

I se nocht els, brother, withoutin faill, The world is turned topsy-
Bot this fals warld is turnit top ouir taill. turvy.
Sen all is vaine that is vnder the lift, We must seek a
To win our meat we man mak vther schift, living otherwise.

If we do not work, we shall starve.

With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid, full sair, we want baith drink and meat.

PERSONE.

Then let us go where we are not known.

Gif with our labour we man vs defend,
Then let vs gang quhair we war never kend.

SPIRITVALITIE.

It is these friars that have ruined me, by usurping my place in preaching.

I wyte thir freirs, that I am thus abusit;
For by thair counsall I haue bene confusit.
Thay gart me trow it suffysit, allace!
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.

ABBOT.

Curse on this reformation! For I have, still, two daughters to marry, and lack portions for them.

Allace! This reformatioun I may warie;
For I haue ȝit twa dochters for to marie;
And thay ar baith contractit, be the Rude!
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher-gude.

PERSONE.

As for me, being young, I will go to France, and turn soldier.

The Devill mak cair for this vnhappie chance;
For I am ȝoung, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my sword and speir.

(*The Bischop, Abbot, persone, and Priores depairts, altogidder.*)

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Before you go, let John the Commonwealth be dressed out; for he has been neglected, and is in much distress.

Or ȝe depairt, sir, aff this Regioun,
Gif Iohne the common-weill ane gay garmoun.
Becaus the Common-weill hes bene overluikit,
That is the caus that Common-weill is cruikit.
With singular profeit, he hes bene sa supprysit,
That he is baith cauld, nakit, and disgysit.

CORRECTIOVN.

Be it so. Deck him bravely; and

As ȝe haue said, father, I am content.
Sergeants, gif Iohne ane new abuilȝement,—

Of Sating, Damais, or of the Velvoit fyne ;— give him a seat in our Parliament.
And gif him place in our Parliament, syne.

(*Heir sal thay cleith Iohne the Common-weil gorgeouslie, and set him doun amang them, in the Parliament.*)

All verteous peopil now may be reioisit, Rejoice, now, good people: for the Common-
Sen Common-weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun ; wealth has got a gay garment;
And, ignorants out of the Kirk deposit, ignoramuses in the Church, have
Devoit Doctours and Clarks of renoun been exchanged
Now, in the Kirk, sall haue dominioun ; for fit clerics;
And Gude-counsall, with Ladie Veritie, and Good Counsel and Truth are
Ar profest with our kings Maiestie. friends with the King.
Blist is that Realme that hes ane prudent King, Happy is the realm whose
Quhilk dois delyte to heir the veritie, king loves truth and
Punisching thame that plainlie dois maling punishes injustice.
Contrair the Common-weill and equitie.
Thair may na peopill haue prosperitie, There is no prosperity
Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun, under ignorance
And common-weil be tirants trampit doun. and tyranny.

(*Pausa.*)

Now, maisters, ȝe sall heir, incontinent, You shall now
At great leysour, in ȝour presence, proclamit hear the Acts
The Nobill Acts of our Parliament, of our Parliament
Of quhilks we neid nocht for to be aschamit. proclaimed.
Cum heir, trumpet, & sound ȝour warning tone, Summon all, to hear what
That every man may knaw quhat we haue done. we have done.

(*Heir sall Diligence, with the Scribe and the trumpet, pas to the pulpit, and proclame the Actis.*)

THE FIRST ACT.

It is devysit be thir prudent Kings, King Correction and King Humanity
Correctioun and King Humanitie, have resolved
That thair Leigis, induring all thair Ringis, that their
With the avyce of the estaits thrie, lieges shall
Sall manfullie defend and fortifie defend the
The Kirk of Christ, and his Religioun, Church, and

earnestly, under pain of punishment.

Without dissimulance or hypocrisie,
Vnder the paine of thair punitioun.

The Acts passed by the last Parliament, being wholesome, shall be duly observed; and they that break them shall suffer.

2. Als, thay will, that the Acts honorabill
Maid, be our Prince, in the last Parliament,
Becaus thay ar baith gude and profitabill,—
Thay will that everie man be diligent
Them till observe, with vnfeinzeit intent.
Quha disobeyis, inobedientlie,
Be thir lawis, but doubt, thay sall repent,
And painis conteinit thairin sall vnderly.

The temporal lands are to be leased, as in France, to real husbandmen, but with equitable restrictions.

3. And, als, the Common-weil for til advance,
It is statute that all the Temporall lands
Be set in few, efter the forme of France,
Til verteous men that labours with thair hands,
Resonabillie restrictit with sic bands,
That thay do service, nevertheles,
And to be subiect, ay, vnder the wands;
That riches may with policie incres.

Noblemen are not to connive at thieves, but are to be responsible for their stealing, if they do not commit them for trial.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devysit,
Gif Lords halds vnder thair dominioun
Theifis, quhairthroch puir peopil bein supprisit,
For them thay sall make answeir to the croun,
And to the pure mak restitutioun,
Without thay put them in the iudges hands,
For thair default to suffer punitioun;
Sa that na theifis remaine within thair lands.

Justices, with a President, are to be appointed in Elgin, or in Inverness, for the northern quarters, to save long journeys.

5. To that intent, that Iustice sould incres,
It is concludit, in this Parliament,
That, into Elgin, or into Inuernesse,
Sall be ane sute of Clarks sapient,
Togidder with ane prudent Precident,
To do iustice in all the Norther Airtis,
Sa equallie, without impediment,
That thay neid nocht seik iustice in thir pairts.

6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
That iustice may be done continuallie,
All the maters of Scotland, mair and les,
To thir twa famous saits, perpetuallie,
Salbe directit; becaus men seis, plainlie,
Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair
Till Common-weill, nor 3it to the glorie
Of Christs Kirk, thocht thay be fat and fair.
And, als, that fragill ordour feminine
Will nocht be missit in Christs Religioun:
Thair rents vsit till ane better fyne,
For Common-weill of all this Regioun.
Ilk Senature, for that erectioun,
For the vphalding of thair gravitie,
Sall haue fyue hundreth mark of pensioun;
And, also, bot twa sall thair nummer be.
Into the North, saxteine sall thair remaine;
Saxtein, rycht sa, in our maist famous toun
Of Edinburgh, to serve our Soveraine;
Chosen, without partiall affectioun,
Of the maist cunning Clarks of this Regioun;
Thair Chancellar chosen of ane famous Clark,
Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
And, for his pensioun, haue ane thowsand mark.

The Church assenting, spiritual matters are there to be adjudicated on.

Nuns, as being unnecessary either to State or Church, are to be abolished; and their revenues are to be applied more for the public interest.

The Senators are to be stipendiary, and their number is to be fixed.

There are to be thirty-two royal councillors, chosen impartially, for their ability; and their Chancellor, a learned man, is to have 1000 marks, as salary.

7. It is devysit, in this Parliament,
From this day furth, na mater Temporall—
Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent,—
Cum befoir Iudges consistoriall,
Quhilk hes bene sa prolixt and partiall,
To the great hurt of the communitie.
Let Temporall men seik Iudges Temporall;
And Sprituall men, to Spritualitie.

From this day forth, temporal matters shall come before temporal judges, and spiritual matters before spiritual judges.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming,
Bot to men of gude eruditioun,
Expert in the halie Scripture, and cunning,
And that they be of gude conditioun,

Benefices are to be bestowed on erudite ecclesiastics,

of good life, and qualified to preach or else to teach.

Of publick vices but supitioun,
And qualefiet richt prudentlie to preich
To thair awin folk, baith into land and toun,
Or ellis in famous scullis for to teich.

As ignorant priests abound, disgracing the dignity of teachers, the Bishops are to ordain none but men of learning, and fit for the priesthood.

[9.] Als, becaus of the great pluralitie
Of ignorant Preists, ma then ane Legioun,—
Quhairthroch of Teicheouris the heich dignitie
Is vilipendit in ilk Regioun,—
Thairfoir our Court hes maid ane provisioun,
That na Bischops mak teichours, in tyme cumming,
Except men of gude eruditioun,
And for Preistheid qualefeit and cunning.

As an unskilful tailor is not tolerated, so an ignorant cleric should not be endured.

Siclyke as ȝe se, in the borrows toun,
Ane Tailȝeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doublet, coat, and gown,—
He man gang till his prentischip againe,—
Bischops sould nocht ressaue, me think certaine,
Into the Kirk except ane cunning Clark.

Isaiah condemns such.

Ane ideot preist Esay compaireth, plaine,
Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.

No prelate is to attempt to restore the custom of death-presents.

10. From this day furth, se na Prelats pretend,
Vnder the paine of inobedience,
At Prince or Paip to purchase ane command
Againe the kow; becaus it dois offence.

No person but of the blood-royal is to hold a plurality.

Till ony Preist we think sufficience
Ane benefice for to serve God withall.
Twa Prelacies sall na man haue, from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.

Mortuaries are to be done away with, as being detrimental to the commonalty;

11. Item, this prudent counsall hes concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth, thay salbe cleane denudit
Baith of cors-present, cow, and vmest claith;
To pure commons becaus it hath done skaith.

and the Barons are no longer

And, mairouer, we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,

From thine furth thay sall want thair hyrald hors. to exact heriots.

12. It is decreit, that, in this Parliament,
Ilk Bischop, Minister, Priour, and Persoun,
To the effect thay may tak better tent
To saulis vnder thair dominioun,
Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
Ilk Bischop in his Diosie sall remaine,
And everilk Persone in his parachoun,
Teiching thair folk from vices to refraine. All persons having the cure of souls are, for the good of those under them, to confine themselves to their charges, ministering as is due.

13. Becaus that clarks our substance dois consume
For bils and proces of thair prelacies,
Thairfoir thair sall na money ga to Rome,
From this day furth, for any benefice,
Bot gif it be for greit Archbischopries.
As for the rest, na money gais at all,
For the incressing of thair dignities,
Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull. In time to come, no more money is to go to Rome, for offices in the Church, Archbishoprics excepted. SS. Peter and Paul are, herein, to be your example.

14. Considering *tha*t our Preists, for the maist part,
Thay want the gift of Chastitie, we se,—
Cupido hes sa perst them throch the hart,—
We grant them licence and frie libertie
That thay may haue fair Virgins to thair wyfis,
And sa keip matrimoniall Chastitie,
And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis. As our priests, for the most part, want the gift of chastity, they may marry maids, and so avoid sinful lives.

15. This Parliament, richt sa, hes done conclude,
From this day forth, our Barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With bastard bairns of Stait Spirituall.
Ilk stait amang thair awin selfis marie sall.
Gif Nobils marie with the Spritualitie;
From thyne, subiect thay salbe, and all
Sal be degraithit of thair Nobilitie, Barons are no longer to marry the illegitimate children of prelates. Noblemen offending by such unions shall be disennobled,

and shall so remain until, on payment of a fine, they be rehabilitated.

And from amang the Nobils cancellit,
Vnto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
Rehabilit be the ciuill magistrate.

In like manner, ecclesiastics are to find wives in their own order, after ancient precedent.

And sa sall marie the Spiritualitie:
Bischops with bischops sall mak affinitie;
Abbots and Priors, with the Priores;
As Bischop Annas—in Scripture we may se,—
Maryit his dochter on Bischop Caiphas.

Such are the Acts of this Parliament.

Now haue ȝe heard the Acts honorabill
Devysit in this present Parliament,
To Common-weill, we think, agreabill.

Let them be obeyed.

All faithfull folk sould heirof be content
Them till observe with hartlie trew intent.

None but the malicious will resist them.

I wait nane will against our Acts rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutois band, the potent prince of hell.

(*Heir sall Pauper cum befoir the King, und say:*)

PAVPER.

My blessing for your bounty and for your noble Acts!

I gif ȝow my braid bennesoun,
That hes givin Common-weill a goun.
I wald nocht, for ane pair of plackis,
ȝe had nocht maid thir nobill Actis.

May you use them well.

I pray to God and sweit Sanct Geill
To gif ȝow grace to vse them weill.

Obeyed, they will benefit;

Wer thay weill keipit, I vnderstand,
It war great honour to Scotland.

declared, they should be observed.

It had bene als gude ȝe had sleipit,
As to mak acts, and be nocht keipit.

But behead Deceit and his companions, and banish Flattery, the scoundrel.

Bot I beseik ȝow, for Alhallows,
To heid Dissait, and hang his fellows,
And banische Flattrie aff the toun;
For thair was never sic ane loun.

Then we had, all, better rest.

That beand done, I hauld it best
That everie man ga to his rest.

CORRECTIOVN.

As thou hes said, it salbe done. — It shall be so.
Suyith! Sergeants, hang 3on swingeours sone. — Sergeants!

(*Heir sal the Sergeants lous the presoners out of the stocks, and leid them to the gallows.*)

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum heir, sir Theif; cum heir, cum heir. — Here, Thief!
Quhen war 3e wont to be sa sweir? — You were not so slow in stealing.
To hunt Cattell 3e war, ay, speidie; — You must swing.
Thairfoir 3e sall weaue in ane widdie.

THIFT.

Man I be hangit? Allace! allace! — Will no one
Is thair nane heir may get me grace? — save me?
3it or I die, gif me ane drink. — Give me a drink.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Fy! huirsun carle. I feil ane stink. — Phew!

THIFT.

Thocht I wald nocht that it war wittin, — You can tell
Sir, in gude faith I am bedirtin. — what has happened,
To wit the veritie, gif 3e pleis, — if you use
Louse doun my hois, put in 3our neis. — your nose.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thou art an limmer, I stand foird. — Rascal, slip your head into this cord,—a good fit.
Slip in thy head into this coird;
For thou had never ane meiter tippit.

THIFT.

Allace! This is ane fellon rippit. — A bad go, this!

(*Pausa.*)

The widdifow wairdanis tuke my geir, — I have been stripped of
And left me nether hors nor meir,

all; and now I must be hanged.
Nor earthlie gude that me belangit.
Now, walloway! I man be hangit.

Repent, evil-doers;
Repent 3our lyfis, 3e plaine oppressours,
All 3e misdoars, and transgressours;

or else confess, and make ready.
Or ellis gar chuse 3ow gude confessours,
And mak 3ow forde:

If you stay, and if Correction lays hands on you, a noose will be your grace.
For, gif 3e tarie in this land,
And cum vnder Correctiouns hand,
3our grace salbe, I vnderstand,
Ane gude scharp coird.

Farewell, fellow-thieves!
Adew! my bretheren, common theifis,
That helpit me in my mischeifis.

Farewell, ye cunning in our craft, nimble of foot, strong of hand, whose names are so many that I have no time to repeat them!
Adew! Grosars, Nicksons, and Bellis:
Oft haue we run outthoart the fellis.
Adew! Robsonis, Hansles, and Pyllis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis,
Lytils, Trumbels, and Armestrangs.
Adew! all theifis that me belangs,
Tail3eours, Curwings, and Elwands,
Speidie of fut, and wicht of hands,—
The Scottis of Ewisdaill, and the Graimis:
I haue na tyme to tell 3our namis.

If Correction catches you, it will be all up with you.
With King Correctioun and 3e be fangit,
Beleif, richt weill, 3e wilbe hangit.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Make haste!
Speid hand, man, with thy clitter clatter.

THIFT.

But give me time to relieve nature.
For Gods saik, sir, let me mak watter.
Howbeit I haue bene cattel-gredie,
It schamis to pischē into ane widdie.

(*Heir sal Thift be drawin vp, or his figour.*)

SECVND SERGEANT.

Deceit!
Cum heir, Dissait, my compan3eoun.

Saw ever ane man lyker ane loun, What a rascal
To hing vpon ane gallows? to hang!

DISSAIT.

This is aneuch to make me mangit. I am stunned.
Duill fell me, that I man be hangit! I to be hanged?
Let me speik with my fallows. Let me speak.
I trow wan-fortune brocht me heir. I am unlucky.
Quhat mekill feind maid me sa speidie? Seven years
Sen it was said, it is sevin 3eir, ago it was
That I sould weaue into ane widdie. foretold I should be hanged.
I leirit my maisters to be gredie. I taught greed.
Adew! for I se na remeid. I am done for.
Luke quhat it is to be evil-deidie. This comes of evil courses.

SECVND SERGEANT.

Now in this halter slip thy heid. Slip your head in.
Stand still. Me think 3e draw aback. Do you flinch?

DISSAIT.

Allace! Maister, 3e hurt my crag, You hurt my neck.

SECVND SERGEANT.

It will hurt better, I woid an plak, It will hurt
Richt now, quhen 3e hing on ane knag. more directly.

DISSAIT.

Adew! my maisters, merchant men. Farewell, merchantmen,
I haue 3ow servit, as 3e ken, whom I have
Truelie, baith air and lait. served well!
I say to 3ow, for conclusioun, You will fare
I dreid 3e gang to confusioun, ill, without
Fra tyme 3e want Dissait. Deceit.
I leirit 3ow, merchants, mony ane wyle, I taught you
Vpalands wyfis for to beguyle, to cheat the
Vpon ane markit-day, country wives,

and to palm off on them worthless wares for sound.

And gar them trow 3our stuffe was gude,
Quhen it was rottin,—be the Rude!—
And sweir it was nocht sway.

I was always whispering you, and putting you up to tricks.

I was ay roundand in 3our ear,
And leirit 3ow for to ban and sweir
Quhat 3our geir cost in France,
Howbeit the Devill ane word was trew.

It is well that Correction knows not of your craft.

3our craft gif King Correctioun knew,
Wald turne 3ow to mischance.

I taught you to mix new wine and old; to buy cheap and sell dear; and the art of adulteration.

I leirit 3ow wyllis many fauld:
To mix the new wyne and the auld,—
That faschioun was na follie;—
To sell richt deir, and by gude chaip;
And mix Ry-meill amang the saip,
And Saiffrone with Oyl-dolie.

Remember usury, limitating your betters. Never mind scant measure or short weight.

Forȝet nocht ocker, I counsall 3ow,
Mair then the vicker dois the kow,
Or Lords thair doubill maill.
Howbeit 3our elwand be too skant,
Or 3our pound-wecht thrie vnces want,
Think that bot lytill faill.

Good-bye, old friends. I was true to you; and you will grieve for me, especially Tom Williamson.

Adew! the greit Clan Iamesone,
The blude Royal of Clappertoun:
I was, ay, to 3ow trew.
Baith Andersone and Paterson
Above them all, Thome Williamsone,
My absence 3e will rew.

Tom, pray for me heartily, and reflect on my doings; for you learned from me how to cheat the Bishop and his clerks.

Thome Williamsone, it is 3our pairt
To pray for me with all 3our hairt,
And think vpon my warks;
How I leirit 3ow ane gude lessoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburgh toun,
The Bischop and his Clarks.

Young merchants, you may curse yonder king.

3e, 3oung merchants, may cry allace:
For wanting of 3our wonted grace,
3on curst King 3e may ban.

Had I leifit bot halfe ane 3eir,
I sould haue leirit 3ow crafts perqueir,
To begyle wyfe and man.
How may 3e, merchants, mak debait,
Fra tyme 3e want 3our man Dissait?
For 3ow I mak great cair.
Without I ryse fra deid to lyfe,
I wait weill, 3e will never thryfe
Farther nor the fourth air.

In six months more I would have made you adepts.
You will strive fruitlessly, without Deceit.
Unless I come to life, you will not thrive many generations.

(*Heir sal Dissait be drawin vp, or ellis his figure.*)

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum heir, Falset, & mense the gallows.
3e man hing vp amang 3our fallows,
For 3our cankart conditioun.
Monie ane trew man haue 3e wrangit:
Thairfoir, but doubt, 3e salbe hangit,
But mercie or remissioun.

Come, Falsehood, and grace the gallows, with your mates.
For your wrong-doing you must swing.

FALSET.

Allace! Man I be hangit, to?
Quhat mekill Devil is this ado?
How came I to this cummer?
My gude maisters, 3e craftsmen,
Want 3e Falsèt, full weill I ken,
3e will, all, die for hunger.
3e, men of craft, may cry allace.
Quhen 3e want me, 3e want 3our grace;
Thairfoir, put into wryte
My lessouns that I did 3ow leir.
Howbeit the commons eyne 3e bleir,
Count 3e nocht that ane myte.
Find me ane Wobster that is leill,
Or ane Walker that will nocht steill,—
Thair craftines I ken,—

How did I incur this nuisance of being hanged?
Craftsmen, you will starve, without Falsehood.
As you will miss me, note down my instructions.
Don't mind practising guile.
Is any weaver or fuller honest?

A miller that will not steal you may count holy.

Among butchers, to blow up their meat is only a joke:

and I taught it to them.

Tailors, too, learned from me, in the towns.

Country tailors I allowed to cabbage.

Andro Fortoun will be frantic about me;

and Tailor Babarage will roar at seeing me hanged.

Not so Deacon Jamie Ralfe, honest fool;

nor Willie Cadyeoch, the selfish maltworm.

To the brewers of Cowpertown I leave a hearty curse.

They think it no harm to brew washy ale.

Do you know how they make harns-out?

Or ane Millair that hes na falt,
That will nather steill meall nor malt,
Hauld them for halie men.
At our fleschers tak ȝe na greife.
Thocht thay blaw leane mutton and beife,
That thay seime fat and fair,
Thay think that practick bot ane mow.
Howbeit the Devill a thing it dow,
To thame I leirit that lair.
I leirit Tailȝeours, in everie toun,
To schaip fyue quarters in ane goun,
In Angus, and in Fyfe.
To vplands Tailȝeours I gaue gude leife
To steill ane sillie stump, or sleife,
Vnto Kittok, his wyfe.
My gude maister, Andro Fortoun,
Of Tailȝeours that may weir the croun,
For me he will be mangit.
Tailȝeour Babarage, my sone and air,
I wait, for me will rudlie rair,
Fra tyme he se me hangit.
The barfit Deacon, Iamie Ralfe,
Quha never ȝit bocht kow nor calfe,
Becaus he can nocht steall;
Willie Cadȝeoch will make na plead,
Howbeit his wyfe want beife and bread,
Get he gude barmie aill.
To the brousters of Cowper toun
I leife my braid black malesoun,
Als hartlie as I may.
To make thinne aill thay think na falt,
Of mekill burne and lytill malt,
Agane the market-day.
And thay can mak, withoutin doubt,
Ane kynde of aill thay call Harns-out.
Wait ȝe how thay mak that?

Ane curtill quoine, ane laidlie lurdane,
Of strang wesche scho will tak ane iurdane,
And settis in the gyle-fat.
Quha drinks of that aill, man or page,
It will gar all his harnis rage.
That iurdane I may rew:
It gart my heid rin hiddie giddie.
Sirs, God! nor I die in ane widdie,
Gif this taill be nocht trew.
Speir at the Sowtar, Geordie Sillie,
Fra tyme that he had fild his bellie
With this vnhelthsum aill.
Than all the Baxters will I ban,
That mixes bread with dust and bran,
And fyne flour with beir maill.
Adew! my maisters, Wrichts and Maissouns.
I haue neid to leir 3ow few lessouns:
3e knaw my craft perqueir.
Adew! blak-Smythis and Loriners.
Adew! 3e craftie Cordiners,
That sellis the schone over deir.
Gold Smythis, fair-weill! aboue them all.
Remember my memoriall,
With mony ane sittill cast.
To mix, set 3e nocht by twa preinis,
Fyne Ducat gold with hard Gudlingis,
Lyke as I leirnit 3ow last.
Quhen I was ludgit vpaland,
The Schiphirds maid with me ane band,
Richt craftelie to steill.
Than did I gif ane confirmatioun
To all the Schiphirdis of this Natioun,
That thay sould never be leill,
And ilk ane to reset ane vther.
I knaw fals Schiphirds, fyftie-fidder,—
War thair canteleinis kend,—

A nasty hussy puts stale into the mashing-vat;
and the ale burns the brains.
This I know from trial:
and I tell the truth.
Ask Geordie Sillie how it was with him, when he had drunk of it.
My curse on cheating bakers!
Wrights and masons understand my arts well;
and cordwainers know how to charge for shoes.
Farewell, goldsmiths, you who do not stick at mixing base metal with gold, after my lessoning.
The country shepherds I initiated in stealing.
Henceforth, shepherds, thanks to me, are safe to be dishonest.
Little is known of the

tricks to which they agree together.

How thay mak, in thair conventiouns,
On montans, far fra ony touns,
To let them never mend.

Craftsmen, too, are seldom trusty.

Amang craftsmen, it is ane wonder
To find ten leill amang ane hunder:
The treuth I to 3ow tell.

But I must be off, to the King of the Fays, or else to hell.

Adew! I may na langer tarie.
I man pas to the King of Farie,
Or ellis the rycht to hell.

(*Heir sall he luke vp to his fallows hingand.*)

Alas! No one ever tried harder than Common Thief to live honestly.

Wa is me! For the gude common thift,
Was never man maid ane mair honest schift
His leifing for to win.

He was a rare hand at spiriting away cows.

Thair was nocht ane, in all Lidsdaill,
That ky mair craftelie culd staill,
Quhair thou hings on that pin.

Satan take thy soul, faithful Deceit!

Sathan ressaue thy saull, Dissait!
Thou was to me ane faithfull mait,
And, als, my father brother.

The merchants will never find your equal.

Daill fell the sillie merchant men!
To mak them service, weill I ken,
Thaill never get sic ane vther.

(*Heir sall thay festin the coard to his neck, with ane dum countenance. Thairefter, he sall say:*)

Who will go with me?

Gif any man list for to be my mait,
Cum follow me; for I am at the gait.

Come, ye masterful kings; invaders, oppressors, with Pharaoh, to hell.

Cum follow me, all catyfe, covetous Kings,
Reauers, but richt, of vthers Realmis and Rings,
Togidder with all wrangous conquerours.
And bring, with 3ow, all publick oppressours,
With Pharao, King of Egiptians:
With him, in hell, salbe 3our recompence.

Shedders of innocent blood, and grasp ng

All cruell schedders of blude innocent,
Cum follow me; or ellis rin and repent.
Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,

And will nocht teich nor preiche the veritie, and idle prelates,
Without at God, in tyme, thay cry for grace, unrepenting,
In hiddeous hell I sall prepair thair place. will be lost.
Cum follow me, all fals corruptit Iudges. Come, false judges,
With Pontius Pilat I sall prepair 3our ludges. and Pontius Pilate.
All 3e officials that parts men with thair wyfis, Ye that part
Cum follow me; or els gang mend 3our lyfis;— man and wife,
With all fals leiders of the constrie law, that abuse
With wanton Scribs and Clarks, intill ane raw, the law to
That to the puir maks mony partiall traine, the injury
Syne, hodie ad octo bids them cum againe. of the poor,
And 3e that taks rewairds at baith the hands, and that take bribes, must go
3e sall, with me, be bund in Baliels bands. with me.
Cum follow me, all curst vnhappie wyfis, Unfaithful wives,
That with 3our gudemen dayly flytis and stryfis, who vex their husbands and
And quyetlie with rybalds makes repair, wrong them,
And taks na cure to make ane wrangous air. will be rewarded
3e sal, in hel, rewairdit be, I wein, in hell, with
With Iesabell, of Israell the Queene. Jezebel.
I haue ane curst vnhappie wyfe, my sell. And what a
Wald God scho war befoir me into hell! wife I have!
That Bismair, war scho thair, withoutin doubt, She would turn the Devil himself
Out of hell the Devill scho wald ding out. out of hell.
3e maryit men, evin as 3e lufe 3our lyfis, Married men,
Let never preists be hamelie with 3our wyfis. beware of priests.
My wyfe with preists sho doith me greit onricht, Me they have cuckolded
And maid me nine tymes cuckald, on ane nicht. roundly.
Fairweil! For I am to the widdie wend; Good-bye! Falsehood
For quhy falset maid never ane better end. never made a better end.

(Heir sal he be heisit vp, and not his figure; and an Craw or ane Ke salbe castin vp, as it war his sault.)

FLATTRIE.

Haue I nocht chaipit the widdie weil? How well I have escaped
3ea, that I haue, be sweit Sanct Geill! scragging!

For I deserved it oven more richly than my companions, in that I beguiled the three Estates.

For I had nocht bene wrangit;
Becaus I servit,—be Allhallows!—
Till haue bene merchellit amang my fellowis,
And heich aboue them hangit.
I maid far ma falts nor my maits:
I begylde all the thrie estaits
With my hypocrisie.

With my hood on, I was thought good.

Quhen I had on my freirs hude,
All men beleifit that I was gude.

Am I!

Now iudge ȝe gif I be.

Let the greatest of rascals only don a friar's dress, and the wives will deem him a very saint.

Tak me an rackles rubyatour,
Ane theif, ane tyrane, or ane tratour,
Of everie vyce the plant;
Gif him the habite of ane freir,
The wyfis will trow, withoutin weir,
He be ane verie Saint.

That dress covers more heat than charity.

I knaw that cowle and skaplarie
Genners mair hait nor charitie,
Thocht thay be blak or blew.

Is a wolf in a sheep's skin holy?

Quhat halines is thair within
Ane wolfe cled in ane wedders skin?
Iudge ȝe gif this be trew.

But, escaped, I will not stay to chatter.

Sen I haue chaipit this firie farie,
Adew! I will na langer tarie,
To cumber ȝow with my clatter;

I will go, humbly, and teach the Hermit of Loretto how to flatter.

Bot I will, with ane humbill spreit,
Gang serve the Hermeit of Lareit,
And leir him for till flatter.

(*Heir sal enter Foly.*)

FOLIE.

Good-day! Don't you return any salute? Drunk fools are glad. Don't you know me?

Gude day, my Lords, and, als, God saine!
Dois na man bid gude day againe?
Quhen fuillis ar fow, then ar thay faine.
Ken ȝe nocht me?

How call thay me can ȝe nocht tell? My name?
Now, be him that herryit hell! I don't know,
I wait nocht how thay call my sell, myself, unless
Bot gif I lie, I lie.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat brybour is this that maks sic beiris? What beggarly wretch is this?

FOLIE.

The feind ressaue that mouth that speirs! Out on you that ask! Go and play with your fellows.
Gude-man, ga play ȝow with ȝour feiris,
With muck vpon ȝour mow.

DILIGENCE.

Fond fuill, quhair hes thou bene sa lait? Where have you been so late?

FOLIE.

Marie! Cummand throw the Schogait, I have had
Bot thair hes bene ane great debait a quarrel
Betwixt me and ane Sow. with a sow.
The Sow cryit guff, and I, to-ga; I managed to
Throw speid of fute, I gat awa; run away, but
Bot, in the midst of the cawsa, fell into a
I fell into ane midding. dung-heap.
Scho lap vpon me, with ane bend. She sprang
Quhaever the middings sould amend, on me.
God send them ane mischevous end! Bless the dung-heaps!
For that is bot Gods bidding; Bemired there,
As I was pudlit thair, God wait, if I had not
Bot with my club I maid debait, had my club,
Ise never cum againe that gait, I should never have saved
I sweir ȝow, be Alhallows! myself.
I wald the officiars of the toun, The officers of the town should
That suffers sic confusioun, be made to rue
That thay war harbreit with Mahoŵn, it for their
Or hangit on ane gallows, negligence.

The Devil take those who leave the country uncared-for!

Fy, fy, that sic ane fair cuntrie
Sould stand sa lang but policie!
I gif them to the Devill, hartlie,
That hes the wyte.

I wish the Provost would look to the dung-heap where I met my mischance.

I wald the Provost wald tak in heid
Of 3on midding to make remeid,
Quhilk pat me and the Sow at feid.
Quhat may I do bot flyte?

REX HVMANITAS.

Diligence, bring yonder fool hither.

Pas on, my servant Diligence,
And bring 3on fuill to our presence.

DILIGENCE.

At once.

That sall be done, but tarying.

Folly, go to the King.

Foly, 3e man ga to the King.

FOLIE.

Is that he, with the gilt cap?

The King? Quhat kynde of thing is that?
Is 3on he, with the goldin Hat?

DILIGENCE.

Yes. Come along.

3on same is he. Cum on thy way.

FOLIE.

Good-day! I have a complaint to make.

Gif 3e be King, God 3ow gude day.
I haue ane plaint to make to 3ow.

REX HVMANITAS.

Against whom?

Quhom on, Folie?

FOLIE.

A sow.

Marie! On ane Sow.

She has sworn to slay or to maim me.

Sir, scho hes sworne that scho sall sla me,
Or ellis byte baith my balloks fra me.

You should do justice to all.

Gif 3e be King,—be Sanct Allan!—
3e sould do Iustice to ilk man.

Had I nocht keipit me with my club,
The Sow had drawin me in ane dub.
I heir them say thair is cum to the toun
Ane King, callit Correctioun.
I pray 3ow tell me quhilk is he.

My club alone saved me.
Which is King Correction, who, they say, has come to town?

DILIGENCE.

3on, with the wings. May nocht se?

He with the wings.

FOLIE.

Now, wallie fall that weill fairde mow!
Sir, I pray 3ow correct 3on Sow,
Quhilk with hir teith, but sword or knyfe,
Had maist haue reft me of my lyfe.
Gif 3e will nocht mak correctioun,
Than gif me 3our protectioun
Of all Swyne for to be skaithles,
Betuix this toun and Invernes.

Bless him!
Sire, correct yonder sow for all but killing me.
If you will not, then protect me from all swine between here and Inverness.

DILIGENCE.

Foly, hes thou ane wyfe at hame?

Have you a wife?

FOLIE.

3ea, that I haue, God send hir schame!
I trow, be this, scho is neir deid:
I left ane wyfe bindand hir heid.
To schaw hir seiknes I think schame.
Scho hes sic rumbling in hir wambe,
That all the nicht my hart overcasts
With bocking and with thunder-blasts.

Yes, and nearly dead, I imagine.
I don't know what has come to her; but she was in a very bad way all the night long.

DILIGENCE.

Peradventure scho be with bairne.

Perhaps she is pregnant.

FOLIE.

Allace! I trow scho be forfairne.
Scho sobbit, and scho fell in sown;

She is almost worn out, I think.

She fell into a swoon; and then they rubbed her up and down;

And than thay rubbit hir vp and doun,
Scho riftit, routit, and maid sic stends,
Scho ȝeild, and gaid at baith the ends,
Till scho had castin ane cuppill of quarts;

and then she got some comfort, but to the great discomfort of everybody around. And she was quite unable to control herself.

Syne, all turnit to ane rickill of farts,
Scho blubert, bockit, and braikit still;
Hir arsse gaid evin lyke ane wind-mill.
Scho stumblit, and stutterit, with sic stends,
That scho recantit at baith the ends.
Sik dismell drogs fra hir scho schot,
Quhill scho maid all the fluir on flot,
Of hir hurdies scho had na hauld,
Quhill scho had twmed hir mony fauld.

DILIGENCE.

You had better take her to the doctors.

Better bring hir to the Leitches heir.

FOLIE.

Pshaw! She is not to be moved, she is in such a condition; and she constantly cries for a priest.

Trittill trattill! Scho may nocht steir,
Hir verie buttoks maks sic beir,
It skars baith foill and fillie.
Scho bocks sik bagage fra hir breist,
He wants na bubbils that sittis hir neist;
And ay scho cryis, a preist! a preist!
With ilk a quhillie lillie.

DILIGENCE.

Didn't she recover at last?

Recoverit scho nocht, at the last?

FOLIE.

Yes, but noisily. I pity her, when she sighs.

ȝea; bot, wit ȝe weil, scho fartit fast,
Bot, quhen scho sichis, my hart is sorie.

DILIGENCE.

Does she drink at all?

Bot drinks scho ocht?

FOLIE.

3e,—be Sanct Marie!— Well, she does
Ane quart at anis it will nocht tarie, not stick at a
And leif the Devill a drap. quart at once,
Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir, but with disagreeable consequences;
About the wallis, God wait, sic wair!
Quhen it was drunkin, I gat to skair and I get the
The lickings of the cap. leavings.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell. What is in that basket?

FOLIE.

Marie! I haue Folie-Hats to sell. I have fools-caps to sell.

DILIGENCE.

I pray the, sell me ane or tway. Sell me one or two.

FOLIE.

Na. Tarie quhill the market-day. Wait till market-day.
I will sit doun heir,—be Sanct Clune!— I will give my babes their breakfast.
And gif my babies thair disiune.
Cum heir, gude Glaiks, my dochter deir. Glaiks, my daughter, you shall marry a friar within a year. But thou art neither deaf nor dumb.
Thou salbe maryit, within ane 3eir,
Vpon ane freir of Tillilum.
Na: thou art nather deaf nor dum.
Cum hidder, Stult, my sone and air. Stult, my boy, you are a fine fellow.
My ioy, thou art baith gude and fair.
Now sall I fend 3ow as I may, It is hard to make shift for you.
Thocht 3e cry lyke ane Ke all day.

(Heir sal the bairns cry keck, lyke ane Kae; and he sal put meat in thair mouth.)

DILIGENCE.

Get vp, Folie, but tarying, Folly, hasten
And speid 3ow, haistelie, to the King. to the King.
Get vp. Me think the carle is dum. Get up!

FOLIE.

Bah! Bah! Now, bum, balerie, bum, bum.

DILIGENCE.

Out of this trance, and get up; or else I will take your wallet. I trow the trucour lyis in ane trance.
Get vp, man, with ane mirrie mischance;
Or—be Sanct Dyonis of France!—
Ise gar the want thy wallet.

Shame on you. It's schame to se, man, how thow lyis.

FOLIE.

If I get up again I will break your pate. Wa! 3it againe? Now, this is thryis.
The Devill wirrie me, and I ryse,
Bot I sall break thy pallet.

I am overcome at sight of yonder fair lass in a satin gown. Me think my pillok will nocht ly doun.
Hauld doun 3our head, 3e lurdon loun.
3on fair las with the Sating goun
Gars 3ow thus bek and bend.

If I had you in a quiet place, you would not wish to run away. Take, thair, ane neidill for 3our cace.
Now, for all the hiding of 3our face,
Had I 3ow in ane quyet place,
3e wald nocht waine to flend.

You pretty-armed thing, I should like to kiss your lips. Thir bony armis, that ar cled in silk,
Ar evin als wantoun as any wilk.
I wald forbeir baith bread and milk,
To kis thy bony lippis.

Angry as you look, if chance favoured, you would try my mettle. Suppois 3e luke as 3e war wraith,
War 3e at quyet behind ane claith,
3e wald not stick to preife my graith
With hobling of 3our hippis.

DILIGENCE.

Come to the King, and stop your prating. Suyith! harlot. Haist the to the King,
And let allane thy trattilling.

Here is Folly, the lazy scamp. Lo! heir is Folie, sir, alreadie,—
Ane richt sweir swingeour, be our Ladie!

FOLIE.

Thou art not half sa sweir, thy sell. — And you?
Quhat meins this pulpit, I pray the tell. — What means this pulpit?

DILIGENCE.

Our new Bischops hes maid ane preiching; — Our new Bishops preach. You
Bot thou heard never sic pleasant teiching. — never heard such pleasant
3on Bischop wil preich throch the coast. — instruction.

FOLIE:

Than stryk ane hag into the poast; — Note that; for
For I hard never, in all my lyfe, — I never heard
Ane Bischop cum to preich in Fyfe. — of the like.
Gif Bischops to be preichours leiris, — If Bishops
Wallaway! quhat sall word of freiris? — learn to preach,
Gif Prelats preich in brugh and land, — I suspect
The sillie freirs, I vnderstand. — that the friars
Thay will get na mair meall nor malt; — will starve
Sa, I dreid, freirs sall die for falt. — to death.
Sen sa is, that 3on nobill King — If that King
Will mak men Bischops for preiching, — gives bishoprics for preaching,
Quhat say 3e, sirs? Hauld 3e nocht best — why should not
That I gang preich, amang the rest? — I preach?
Quhen I haue preichit on my best wayis, — After preaching
Then will I sell my merchandise — as best I can,
To my bretherin and tender maits — I will go sell my wares among
That dwels amang the thrie estaits; — the three Estates,
For I haue, heir, gude chaifery — to any fool
Till any fuill that lists to by. — that will buy.

(Heir sall Foly hing vp his hattis on the pulpet, and say:)

God sen I had ane Doctours hude! — I wish I had a doctor's hood.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhy, Folie? Wald thou mak ane preiching? — Would you preach?

FOLIE.

I would, and in plain words.

Zea, that I wald, sir,—be the Rude!—
But eyther flattering or fleiching.

REX HVMANITAS.

Let us hear what he says.

Now, brother, let vs heir his teiching,—
To pas our tyme,—and heir him raife.

DILIGENCE.

The kitchen and the pots best befit him.

He war far meiter for the kitching,
Amang the pottis, sa Christ me saife!

Shall I act as clerk for you?

Fond Foly, sall I be thy Clark,
And answeir the, ay, with amen?

FOLIE.

First, the fiend take that ugly face!

Now, at the beginning of my wark,
The feind ressaue that graceles grim!

(*Heir sal Folie begin his sermon, as followis:*)

Solomon, the wisest King of Israel, has said that fools are innumerable; and I am not ashamed to be one, since there are so many.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.
Salomon, the maist sapient King,
In Israell quhan he did ring,
Thir words, in effect, did write:
The number of fuillis ar infinite.
I think na schame—sa Christ me saife!—
To be ane fuill, amang the laife,
Howbeit ane hundreth stands heir by,
Perventure als great fuillis as I.

I have kindred in every land, Earls, Dukes, Kings, &c.,—fools now, as they have long been.

Stultorum.
I haue, of my Genelogie,
Dwelland in everie cuntrie,
Earles, Duiks, Kings, and Empriours,
With mony guckit Conquerours,
Quhilk dois in Folie perseveir,
And hes done sa this many zeir.

Sum seiks to warldlie dignities,
And sum, to sensuall vanities.
Quhat vails all thir vaine honours,
Nocht being sure to leife twa houris?
Sum greidie fuill dois fill ane box;
Ane vther fuill cummis, and breaks the lox,
And spends that vther fuillis hes spaird,
Quhilk never thocht on them to wairde.
Sum dois as thay sould never die.
Is nocht this folie? Quhat say ȝe?
Sapientia huius mundi stultitia est apud Deum.
Becaus thair is sa many fuillis
Rydand on hors, and, sum, on muillis,
Heir I haue bocht gude chafery
Till ony fuill that lists to by,
And, speciallie, for the thrie estaits,
Quhair I haue mony tender maits;
Quhilk causit them, as ȝe may se,
Gang backwart throw the haill cuntrie.
Gif with my merchandise ȝe list to mell,
Heir I haue Folie-Hattis to sell.
Quhairfoir is this Hat, wald ȝe ken?
Marie! For insatiabill merchant men.
Quhen God hes send them abundance,
Ar nocht content with sufficiance,
Bot saillis into the stormy blastis,
In Winter to get greater castis,—
In mony terribill great torment,
Against the Acts of Parliament.
Sum tynis thair geir, and sum ar drounde:
With this sic merchants sould be crounde.

They aim after unsubstantial things, though life is quite uncertain.

One fool hoards gold; and another fool steals and spends it.

Others are so foolish as to act as if they were never to die.

There being many wealthy fools,

I have bought goods for them,

and, especially, for the three Estates, in which I have many mates, as appears from their acts.

I have fools-caps to sell.

This one is for the merchants.

Not content with abundance, they run risks in winter-time, in the teeth of the Acts of Parliament, with various results.

This cap suits such.

DILIGENCE.

Quhom to schaips thou to sell that hude?
I trow, to sum great man of gude.

And this hood is for some rich man?

FOLIE.

I would sell it to some one old and cold, ready to die, with a family of children, and who, yet, weds a mere girl, trusting that she will not make him a cuckold.

This hude to sell richt faine I wald
Till him that is baith auld & cald,
Reddie till pas to hell, or heavin,
And hes fair bairns, sax or seavin,
And is of age fourscoir of 3eir,
And taks ane lasse to be his peir,
Quhilk is nocht fourteine 3eir-of age,
And ioynis with hir in mariage,
Geifand hir traist that scho nocht wald
Rycht haistelie mak him cuckald.

For the like of him this cap is suited.

Quha maryes, beand sa neir thair dead,
Set on this Hat vpon his head.

DILIGENCE.

What cap is this?

Quhat Hude is that, tell me I pray the.

FOLIE.

This cap is holy and ordained, and is for spiritual fools who, unfit, undertake cures from mere motives of gain, and sell themselves to Satan.

This is ane haly Hude, I say the.
This Hude is ordanit, I the assure,
For Sprituall fuillis that taks in cure
The saullis of great Diosies,
And regiment of great Abesies,
For gredines of warldlie pelfe,
Than can nocht iustlie gyde them selfe.
Vthers sauls to saife it settis them weill,
Syne, sell thair awin saullis to the Deuill.

This cap is proper for such.

Quhaever dois sa, this I conclude,
Vpon his heid set on this Hude.

DILIGENCE.

Are such in the Church now? How shall I recognize them?

Foly, is thair ony sic men
Now in the Kirk, that thou can ken?
How sall I ken them?

FOLIE.

Na, keip that clois. Know them
Ex operibus eorum cognoscetis eos. by their works.
And fuillis speik of the Prelacie, It is heresy to speak of the
It will be hauldin for herisie. prelates.

REX HVMANITAS.

Speik on hardlie. I gif the leife. I give you leave to speak.

FOLIE.

Than my remissioun is in my sleife. Then I am safe.
Will ȝe leife me to speik of Kings? May I speak of kings?

REX HVMANITAS.

ȝea: hardlie speik of all kin things. Yea, of all the like.

[FOLIE.]

Conforming to my first narratioun, As I said before,
ȝe ar, all, fuillis, be Coks passioun! you are, all, fools.

DILIGENCE.

Thou leis. I trow this fuill be mangit. A lie. He is demented.

FOLIE.

Gif I lie, God! nor thou be hangit. Not so.
For I haue heir—I to the tell,— For I have, here,
Ane nobill cap imperiell, a noble cap,
Quhilk is nocht ordanit bot for doings suited for royal
Of Empreours, of Duiks, and Kings,— fools of every
For princelie and imperiall fuillis: sort and
Thay sould haue luggis als lang as Muillis. description.
The pryde of Princes, withoutin faill, Princes confuse
Gars all the warld rin top ovir taill. the world by
To win them warldlie gloir and gude, their pride, and,
Thay cure nocht schedding of saikles blude. to satisfy it, slay the innocent.

England would have troubled us sorely, but for the aid of France.

Quhat cummer haue ȝe had, in Scotland,
Be our auld enemies of Ingland?
Had nocht bene the support of France,
We had bene brocht to great mischance.

And now the Emperor is going to blows with France.

Now, I heir tell, the Empreour,
Schaippis for till be ane Conquerour,
And is muifing his ordinance
Against the Nobill King of France.

His reason I know not

Bot I knaw nocht his iust querrell,
That he hes for till mak battell.

Princes in general are, this year, in a commotion, which some will regret.

All the Princes of Almanie,
Spainȝe, Flanders, and Italie,
This present ȝeir, ar in ane flocht:
Sum sall thair wages find deir bocht.

The Pope has sent his army into the field, outdoing the old Saints.

The Paip, with bombard, speir, and scheild,
Hes send his armie to the feild.
Sanct Peter, Sanct Paull, nor Sanct Androw
Raisit never sic ane Oist, I trow.

Is this charity? Or is it folly?

Is this fraternall charitie?
Or furious folie? Quhat say ȝe?

Christ taught not this foolishness; for such it is, among Christians.

Thay leird nocht this at Christis Scuillis:
Thairfoir, I think them verie fuillis.
I think it folie,—be Gods mother!—
Ilk Christian Prince to ding doun vther.

For them is this cap.

Becaus that this hat sould belang them,
Gang thou, and part it evin amang them.

Fulfilled, now, is Merlin's prophecy,

The Prophesie, withouttin weir,
Of Merling beis compleit this ȝeir.

which I learnt from my grandmother;

For my gudame, the Gyre Carling,
Leirnde me the Prophesie of Marling;

and thus it runs.

Quhairof I sall schaw the sentence,
Gif ȝe will gif me audience:

Merlin's prophecy.

Flan, Fran resurgent, simul Hispan viribus vrgent,
Dani vastabunt, Vallones valla parabunt.

Sic tibi nomen in a mulier cacavit in olla,
Hoc epulum comedes.

DILIGENCE.

Marie! That is ane il-sauorit dische. — A foul mess.

FOLIE.

Sa, be this Prophesie plainlie appeirs, — So, friars are
That mortall weirs salbe amang freirs. — to wrangle;
Thay sall nocht knaw weill, in thair closters, — their religion
To quhom thay sall say thair Pater nosters. — being disordered.
Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and sheild, — Would that they fought
The feind mak cuir quhilk of them win the feild. — with spear and shield!
Now of my sermon haue I maid ane end; — Finally I commend you to
To Gilly-mouband I 3ow all commend; — Gilly-moubund.
And I 3ow all beseik, richt hartfullie, — Pray, too, for
Pray for the saull of gude Cacaphatie,— — the soul of
Quhilk laitlie drounit himself into Lochleavin,— — Cacaphatie, who
That his sweit saull may be aboue the heavin. — was drowned.

DILIGENCE.

Famous peopil, hartlie I 3ow requyre — Take our play
This lytill sport to tak in patience. — in good part.
We traist to God, and we leif ane vther 3eir, — Next year, if we
Quhair we haue failit, we sall do diligence, — live, we will try to do
With mair pleasure, to mak 3ow recompence; — better;
Because we haue bene, sum part, tedious, — for we have been tedious,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence, — rude, and, perchance,
Likewyse, perchance, to sum men odious. — invidious.
Now let ilk man his way avance; — Now go, and
Let sum ga drink, and sum ga dance: — drink, and try
Menstrell, blaw vp ane brawll of France; — who can dance
Let se quha hobbils best. — best.

For I will rin, incontinent,
To the Tavern, or ever I stent,
And pray to God omnipotent,
To send 3ow all gude rest.

I, myself, will run straight to the tavern, and will pray that you may, all, have good rest.

Rex sapiens, æterne Deus, genitorque benigne,
Sit tibi, perpetuo, gloria, laus, & honor.

Glory, praise, and honour be to God evermore!

Printed at Edinburgh, be Robert Charteris.

An. Do. MDCII.

And are to be sauld in his Buith, on the North side of the Gait, at the West side of the auld Prouosts Closhead.

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